The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1907.

The Week.

Gov. Hughes's veto of the two-cent fare bill is a truly remarkable document. Not since Grover Cleveland's time have we had such a brave example of readiness to defy popular clamor as the Governor has given us in his refusal to approve the bill giving equal pay to men and women school teachers in this city, and this two-cent fare measure. In March, 1883, Mr. Cleveland killed the bill reducing the fare on the elevated roads from ten to five cents. Public feeling ran nearly as high against Jay Gould and Cyrus Field at that time as it has of late against the managers of our railroads. The Legislature's action was due, in part, to this public excitement, and was as little the result of a careful investigation of the actual facts in the case as is this Legislature's desire for two-cent fares. It was not thought that Mr. Cleveland would dare to veto the bill, but he braved public disapproval only to find himself a national figure. But not even Mr. Cleveland could give such admirable statements of his reasons as can Mr. Hughes. This last veto, in particular, deserves and will receive a permanent place among the important papers of this State by reason of its lucidity, its convincing arguments, its indisputable proof that the writer possesses not only remarkable reasoning powers, but a complete mastery of his subject. A Governor less strict with himself and more desirous of an easily-secured party advantage would have given us a lengthy discourse on good and bad railroads; might have admitted some resulting hardship for certain corporations; would have referred to the public demand for the strict regulation of delinquent corporations, and then have quietly signed the bill. It is fortunate for the whole country that at this moment of popular misconception as to what constitutes real statesmanship, there is a man at Albany who can show just what high political thinking really is, and can reenforce it with courage and backbone in action.

The experience of Wisconsin confirms in a striking way the points made by Mr. Hughes in his veto message on the Baldwin bill. In each State there was an element which desired to join in the general two-cent fare movement, arbitrarily fixing that mileage rate as about right, without any too careful inquiry as to what a perfectly just charge would be. The Governor of New York insisted that the new Public Utilities Commission, which exists for that very purpose, should investigate the subject and fix whatever rate of passenger fare might be just. In Wisconsin the course of events was reversed. The State Railroad Commission, before the Legislature even met, had investigated the question of passenger fares, had concluded that two cents a mile was an unreasonably low rate, and fixed the maximum for the State at two and one-half cents. In spite of the popularity of the two-cent rate, the State Senate now accepts the decision and abandons the idea of fixing rates by direct action. The result shows that there is no method so effective for quieting violent and unreasonable sentiment against the public service corporations as a demonstration that the constituted authorities are dealing with them and the public in a spirit of fairness and fidelity.

Are we back under a benighted and unpatriotic Democratic Administration, that men who actually enlisted for the civil war are having their applications for pensions rejected merely because they do not deserve them? To be sure, the Pension Bureau attempts some sort of explanation of its reasons for turning away certain veterans. It is fair and right, says the Bureau, in effect, to provide for the old age of the man who enlisted in good faith, but whom circumstances kept from the front. But, it points out, here were men who could have seen fighting, but would not. Some of them enlisted for three months, and, when it was seen that three-months men were of no use, went home on furloughs and refused to reënlist when the need for soldiers was most urgent; some were technically mustered into the service and out again substantially on the same day, and some were Confederate prisoners who enlisted on the condition that they should not be made to fight against their former comrades. This is all very well. It might convince a judge or a plain citizen. But we want to hear from the G. A. R. organs.

Of the new régime of the New York Life Insurance Company, which began on Monday, it is to be said, first, that it undoubtedly represents the wishes of the vast majority of the policyholders. Making every abatement for claims that the men in opposition can reasonably set up, the fact remains that the administration ticket was overwhelmingly endorsed by those who have most at stake in the company. This, it seems to us, entitles the new board of trustees and the new president to the most considerate treatment by the press and the public. It was understood from the first that Mr. Orr took the presidency only as a stop-gap, and until his successor could be chosen by a board elected under the new insurance law. This has now been done; and Darwin Pearl Kingsley, the elected president, announces his programme to be that of cheerful acceptance of the recent statutes governing the business of life insurance, though he rather needlessly remarks that he thinks the limit put upon the amount of insurance that can be written is economically unsound; and promises the most rigid economy and integrity of management. It is only proper that he and his fellow-administrators be now given a fair field to show what they can do. They are perfectly aware of the terrible blow which their institution received in the investigation by the Legislature, and know what must be done to repair the damage and regain public confidence. So long as they devote themselves to that work, they are, in our opinion, deserving of public support.

Plans for beautifying Chicago are well under way. More than $32,000 has been raised by the Commercial Club towards the expenses of Daniel H. Burnham, the architect-in-charge, who has generously given his services since October last. Mr. Burnham hopes to evolve a clearly defined scheme which will "permit unhampered growth within the city proper, and the development of the city beyond," and also result in establishing great circuit boulevards, from which the traffic will be distributed to every section of the city. Meanwhile, three committees of the Commercial Club have been hard at work—a Lake Front Committee, a Railway Terminals Committee, and a North and South Boulevard Connection Committee. The Lake Front Committee speedily discovered that an immense public improvement was possible at a slight cost. The purpose is to build a narrow park strip on the mainland and a broad one out in the lake, leaving an open lagoon between the two, to be diversified with islands, while the shores are to be planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The committee recommended that a law be sought from the Legislature enabling the South Park Board to acquire the riparian rights of shore owners. Such a law was finally passed and signed by the Governor on May 2.

Japanese may well take a certain satisfaction in the conviction of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. He was the great champion of the higher races on the Pacific Coast, and the man who bore its demands, as against the Japanese, to

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President Roosevelt. Now it appears, by legal evidence, what was long known with moral certainty, that this man who was received at the White House as a negotiator in affairs of international moment, was all the while nothing but a vulgar grafter. His anti-Japanese heroics were not even a decent mask for his criminal activities. While shouting about saving San Francisco from immoral foreigners, he was prostituting his office, violating the Penal Code, and pillaging the municipality. Now that he is caught, we can all see that his stealings were as incautious as they were unscrupulous, and that it was the easiest thing in the world for a skilled prosecutor to trap him. His power was built up in about equal proportions on race prejudice, labor-union tyranny and corruption, the greed of corporations, and the supineness of the citizens. He could have been ousted or jailed long ago if San Francisco had really wished to do it. Now that he has been exposed and convicted in court, the city should wake up to the need of having a new deal all round; not simply washing its hands of the shameful Schmitz, but getting rid of his whole crew, and setting up a municipal government fit to cope with the great emergency and to reassure the rest of the country.

It is safe to say that, if the President had had before him last autumn the results of the Senate Committee's investigation of the Brownsville shooting, he would not have taken the hasty action which made that case famous. This is not to imply that he will now change his opinion, or retrace his official course. Consistency is the hobgoblin not only of small minds; it is also of men in great office. The Senate report will not come formally before the War Department and Mr. Roosevelt for some months yet, and, meanwhile, nothing will be done for the summarily discharged troopers. But the inquiry has undoubtedly done much to enlighten and to change public opinion. The colored soldiers have not been proved innocent, but no individual among them has been shown to be guilty. All their white officers now testify that they do not believe the men did the shooting. This is a marked reversal of judgment in some cases, especially that of the commanding officer, Major Penrose. There are, of course, many mysterious things about the Brownsville affray which the conflicting evidence has not settled. Perhaps they never will be all cleared up.

The unwritten law has again been heard from in the South. It has just been laid down in two cases that it applies to women murderers as well as to men, and to negroes as well as to women. Thus a white jury in the Richland, S. C., County Court has freed a negro who killed his wife and a negro with whom she had guilty relations. The murderer admitted the crime. The only defence was the unwritten law. Against this the judge, Charles G. Dantzler by name, nobly threw his whole weight. He formally charged the jury that there was "no law higher than the written law." But the jury was unanimous for acquittal. The South Carolina press has applauded the judge's stand, notably the Columbia *State*, which contrasts his action with that of Judge Harrison in the Strother case, and adds that Judge Dantzler's words "are in complete harmony with the practice of the judges generally in South Carolina," whose "utterances from the bench rarely, if ever, include any let-down in the dignity of the law or compromise the respect in which it should be held by the people." The other case is one in Mississippi, where a woman killed a man who was alleged to have wronged her. Judge and jury both did their duty, and the woman was sentenced to prison. The Supreme Court stood firm. It is the notorious Governor of the State, Vardaman, who is to undo their steadfastness and weaken the force of the written statutes by setting the woman free.

The Chicago *Tribune*, which has long specialized in the collection of crime and casualty statistics, announced this week that in less than six months of the present year the total casualty record of the entire year 1906 had been surpassed. With 273 deaths already and 925 injuries in railway accidents, 902 lives lost in steamship and 355 in mine accidents, 2,240 persons killed by tidal waves, 5,100 by earthquakes, and 530 by hurricanes, "there can be little doubt," the paper says, "that 1907 will be known in history as the year of disaster." This unenviable preëminence would apparently be secure even if the misplaced switch, the misunderstood signal, the careless pilot, the atmospheric vortex, and all their allies should go out of business from now till December 31. But the same authority reports for 1907 a larger total of philanthropic gifts and bequests, with a smaller total of embezzlements and other defalcations, than for any corresponding period in twenty-five years. Thus the apparent visitations of the last year come at a time when the human race has been behaving particularly well in respect to both benevolence and honesty. The facts might puzzle a believer in special providences.

Of our forests might fairly be made the cynical observation often repeated about children—that those who have them know least about bringing them up. The Trans-Mississippi Congress, which meets this week, is viewed by Administration eyes as merely an attempt to put the Government "in a hole" in respect to its forestry policy. Yet the men held responsible for such an attempt are precisely those from forest States. If there is one policy upon which all disinterested authorities are agreed it is that of conservative and restricted use of our remaining timber supply. Yet many men, apparently in the best position for understanding the whole policy, oppose it with all the fervor which they could put into a moral issue, as if the President were ruthlessly staking out some American New Forest for his own private bear-hunts. There is no sign that they are converted; but they certainly have converted no one outside of their own section or their own interests. It is a fact to be faced that the President's forestry and land-law policy must be carried on or extended in the face of opposition from most of the communities directly concerned. That means, among other things, that the Eastern men in Congress and out, representing in this question, as they do, a truly national sentiment, should abandon their attitude of deference to the Westerner's supposedly superior qualifications for dealing with the subject.

In passing a bill to prohibit the disfigurement of natural scenery by glaring advertisements, the House of Commons sets an example which American lawmakers might well imitate. Admirers of the rural landscape are not, as a rule, in search of the best dentifrice, baking powder, malt extract, or hair tonic. Even if they were, the mountain and sylvan regions, where the advertiser's signs often appear, are not places where it is possible to purchase his wares. By the time the traveller has left the place, he has forgotten everything but the outrage of thus spoiling the face of Nature. A foreign visitor to this country remarked the other day that, upon one of his excursions out of town, he had seen nothing but huge advertisements. It is bad enough to make an ugly district still uglier; but to placard the more picturesque spots with obtrusive pictures and announcements is inexcusable. It is encouraging, therefore, to note the growth of the crusade against street signs in this and other cities.

The president of Columbia said recently that a university training is "the surest corrective of the lynching habit"—meaning summary decision and hasty action. This may help explain the prejudice against college-bred men in the world of affairs. The balance of opinion incidental to the scientific temper is thought to make men unduly cautious when promptness is essential. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that aca-

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demic training is intended to prepare directly for practical affairs. In most cases it serves rather to offset or correct qualities which a merely active career is apt to exaggerate. The college graduate may be late in "arriving"; but when he does arrive, he has resources which no experience of affairs can supply. Jowett once said: "No man will be a first-rate physician or engineer who is not something more than either, who has not some taste for art, some feeling for literature, or some other interest external to his profession."

Any one who may be appalled at the number of doctors' dissertations now being unloaded at our university commencements can, perhaps, find some consolation in the thought that in Germany conditions are much worse. Columbia has just bestowed the degree of doctor of philosophy upon 41 students; Münster, with 1,256 students, conferred the title of doctor upon 45 graduates in the scholastic year from August, 1904, to August, 1905. Figures for these twelve months have just been published in Germany, and show that, all told, 3,131 doctors of philosophy and law were created by the twenty-one German universities. There were 39,719 matriculated students in these branches of learning in the universities. Of the doctors, 689 were lawyers. Curiously enough, the University of Rostock, with only 102 law students, created 159 doctors of law. One explanation is that this Rostock degree stands higher in the learned world than any other. Hence, students who have studied elsewhere travel to Rostock to take the examinations and carry off the coveted honor, without having been in residence. Leipsic turned out the greatest number of doctors during this period—470. Munich created 282, and Berlin, third on the list, 247. Yet Berlin had 7,774 students in these two branches of learning, as against 3,880 at Leipsic and 4,766 at Munich, from which fact one might draw the conclusion that it is much harder to become a doctor in Berlin than elsewhere. But there are doubtless other reasons which might explain the apparent difference. Fortunately for Germany, the native-born doctors sometimes know their own language, and can express themselves in it. Hence the public escape a good deal of the horrible doctor-English with which Americans are so familiar.

If the "nature fakers" should go into politics, the Democrats could point complacently to the fact that the founder of their party, instead of warring with mere popular authors, came successfully out of at least one scientific controversy with the great Buffon himself. Mr. Jefferson's accounts of species in which he was interested are quite as minute as Mr. Roosevelt's, and the Rev. Mr. Long would undoubtedly find them much less bloodthirsty. The recent sketch of Alexander Wilson, by Dr. J. S. Wilson, contains a letter written in 1805 to the pioneer ornithologist worthy to be bracketed with recent White House magazine articles. Jefferson wrote:

> As you are curious in birds there is one well worthy your attention to be found or rather heard in every part of America & yet scarcely ever to be seen. It is in all the forests from spring to fall, and never but on the tops of the tallest trees from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, & as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it miles without ever but once getting a view of it. It is the size and make of the Mocking bird, lightly thrush colored on the back, & a grayish white on the breast & belly.

The bird found "never but on the tops of the tallest trees" has since been identified with a species of such different habits from those described as to be called the "ground robin," but the error is pardonable. At the same time, the author of the Declaration was not always tolerant of those who differed with him about wild life. His words have again a familiar ring when he says of Daines Barrington, who denied the American origin of the turkey, that "the arguments he produces are such as none but a head, entangled and kinked as his is, would ever have urged."

After the Irish, Nonconformists are now threatening the British Government with vigorous opposition. Although the House of Lords was responsible for the defeat of the Birrell education bill, the measure proposed by his successor, Mr. McKenna, was advanced only languidly in the Commons and finally dropped for the session. As it was, two of its clauses were attacked by all the Nonconformist journals, who remind Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that when Gladstone's Nonconformist supporters failed him, he went out of office. To-day, they mutter ominously about again disrupting the Liberal party. The leading Methodist organ says, for example: "The fact remains that the injustice wrought by the late Government remains entirely unremedied." Baptists and Congregationalists make the threat that if "the Government is not going to do something, they must give way to men who will." The *British Weekly* remarked of the McKenna bill: "Of all solutions conceivable, this is the most detestable." Finally, the *Christian World* says that the Nonconformists "will not put up with" the present policy.

Taxation of the unearned increment being a part of the English Government's announced policy of dealing with the land question, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* gives some details about the recent adoption of that method in Germany. Rather curiously, it was first legalized in the German Chinese dependency of Kiao-Chau. This was in 1898. In 1904, it began to be taken up by German cities, Frankfort leading off. Cologne followed, and last March the City Council of Berlin endorsed a proposal to apply the tax without delay. The movement has since rapidly spread. The unearned increment in a piece of property is reckoned as the increase in price, on sale or transfer, over the value at the latest previous sale. Deductions may, of course, be had for all improvements made in the meantime. The rate of taxation is, in Frankfort, 5 per cent., where the increment is from 30 to 35 per cent.; 6, where it is 35 to 40; and so on up to a maximum tax of 25 per cent. The aim of those who advocate the tax is, first, to provide a new source of revenue; second, to prevent wild speculation in land; finally, to improve housing conditions. In an address to the Berlin City Council, the Chief Burgomaster said the tax on unearned increment was "a movement of the times." He added: "The great majority of the representatives of science are also enthusiastically in favor of the tax, and the movement has spread to the widest quarters of society."

Now that the Japanese Home Department has "officially advised" all the Tokio editors to refrain from publishing any matter of an inflammatory nature about the troubles with the United States, one source of anxiety is probably removed. Mr. Root has tried similar tactics here by advising American newspaper men not to publish sensational reports, but he lacks the influence of the Japanese Home Department in such matters. An Administration which has been the greatest source of newspaper sensations for the last three years, and freely uses the press to attain its ends, is hardly in a position to preach soberness and small headlines just at this juncture. Fortunately for all concerned, the general public remains as calm here as in Japan. The London *Times* dispatch, representing the Japanese as being quite unmoved and wholly skeptical about talk of serious trouble, is undoubtedly far nearer the truth than much which has come to us. The educated Japanese feel themselves under a great debt of gratitude to the United States, and hurt and pained as they are by Mr. Roosevelt's change of front since his message of last December, they still do not consider hostilities as in any way possible. But in loss of trade and cordial relations, this country will pay for its ill-treatment of the Japanese.

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POLICIES AND SUCCESSORS.

There has been less talk, the past few weeks, about the President's purpose to see to it that his successor shall be a man who will carry out his own policies. This does not necessarily signify, however, that Mr. Roosevelt has relaxed his determination. It is only that the common way of treating the subject has become something of a bore. The propriety of the President's plan has been much discussed; the possibilities of his success canvassed; the probable fall of his choice debated; precedents looked up; politicians sounded. Few, however, have gone behind all this to ask whether it is desirable that any President's policies be "continued," in the sense intended. Still fewer, perhaps, have looked to the deeper political significance of the entire situation.

In it, any detached student of the philosophy of government would be apt to see a tacit confession of weakened faith in democracy. Writers on forms of government, from Aristotle down, have said that monarchies had a great advantage over democracies, because the latter are so fickle. They admit of little fixedness of policy. Plans are as uncertain as rulers. Democracy cannot manage an empire, declares one orator in Thucydides. Another asserts that a democracy is amenable to discipline only while it is frightened. But it is Hobbes who perhaps put the thing most bluntly. "Where the people control," he wrote, "what was concluded yesterday is undone to-day." On the surface, that would appear to be exactly what President Roosevelt dreads. He fears lest the people change their minds; and desires to take a bond of fate that they shall not. But the right swiftly to make a change of policy, as of rulers, is of the essence of the democratic theory.

It is, moreover, a right of which the exercise has often been of the highest value to this country. The policies which were, in appearance, most "settled" have been suddenly upset, and to the general advantage. Suppose Jackson or Pierce or Buchanan had been able to arrange for successors to carry out faithfully their policies, when should we ever have got rid of slavery? The truth is that democracy is a crucible into which all policies have to be thrown. There they are fused in the heat of debate and political passion, and what they will come out, no man can tell. The notion of a continuous policy, born of one President and cherished by his successors, is fantastic. The thing is impossible; if it were possible, it would be hurtful. In 1890, for example, silver purchases and the mad attempt to bolster up bimetallism were the fixed policy of the Republican party. Roosevelt himself was then for it. So late as 1896, he wrote against the folly of the out-and-out gold-standard men. Imagine him President at that juncture, and compassing sea and land to get a successor who would be true to that precious policy of his!

This raises a horrid doubt whether any man could say just what the Roosevelt policies are which must be perpetuated at all hazards. Railway and corporation control, people in general understand them to be; but how can we tell that the President himself will stick to them? He has taken up dozens of other policies, only to drop them. He was in 1902 for tariff revision and a permanent Tariff Commission, but those things are now no better with him than last year's birds' nests. He was hot for Federal control of life insurance, but abandoned it. In all this, he has been a typical Democrat, a splendid opportunist, changing his mind at will. In a certain aspect of his versatile and supple political talent, the words of one of the Olney hymns might be applied to him:

> In evil long I took delight,
> Unawed by shame or fear,
> Till a new object struck my sight
> And stopp'd my wild career.

Yet this most changeable and flexible of democrats, running off after every new object, expects a nation of democrats to take from him a stereotyped policy!

It was the plain-spoken Hobbes, again, who put in his extremely monarchical phrases the loose conceptions which are afloat about the President's intention to secure a successor after his own heart. This is the passage:

> As for the question which may arise sometimes, who it is that the monarch in possession hath designed to the succession and inheritance of his power; it is determined by his express words, . . . or by other tacit signs sufficient. By express words or testament . . . as the first Emperors of Rome declared who should be their heirs.

We have not yet had the "express words," uttered in public, though more than one candidate is intimating that he has been favored with the Rooseveltian "tacit signs sufficient."

The whole idea will really not bear examination. On the practical as well as the theoretical side, it breaks down. We have had many queer things in our political history, but we have never yet had this doctrine of the Presidential dead hand seriously set up.

"EXECUTIVE USURPATION."

In his address at Columbia University Gov. Hughes expressed surprise that he had been accused of "executive usurpation." He described, with perfect truth, his own course as that of a Governor who had endeavored to ascertain what was best for the State, and then had publicly uttered his convictions, inviting and accepting the support of public sentiment. He added that his determination had been to have all these questions of important public policy discussed on their merits, with everything "regarded in the light of reason." By that, he plainly meant that he had not sought to impose his will by the use of patronage, or by entering into political bargains. Granting his clear and open purpose, and looking at the results achieved, it cannot be denied that he makes out a plausible case for his contention that what we have had at Albany this year has been, not "government by executive usurpation," but "government by public opinion after discussion."

Pure theory is, of course, against the Governor. In any strict view of the "division of powers," room cannot be found for such activities as his in directing the course of legislation. No definition of the office of Governor, no written grant of power to the Executive, contemplates a course like that of Gov. Hughes or of President Roosevelt. It may well be doubted, however, if we have ever applied pure theory to the conduct of government in this country. If we had, we should not have been the sons of our sires. It is the merit and even glory of Anglo-Saxon political institutions that they are not neatly logical nor nicely consistent. Bagehot thanked Heaven that Englishmen were not politically lucid, and Americans come in for their share of that ascription of praise. Forcible executives have always made their native vigor felt, despite forms and precedents. Hughes is not so imperious a Governor of New York as was Clinton; nor have the exploits of the Big Stick yet rivalled those of Old Hickory. Emerson pointed out the law of character, going deeper than any rule of politics, that a man of inherent capacity and springing virility can do his work easily even when apparently fettered by the oldest and mouldiest conventions. They give way to his touch of strength.

Many causes seem lately to have been operative in making democracies more tolerant of the exaltation of the executive, or even eagerly welcoming it. Mr. Bryce referred to one of them in his remarks last week at Chicago on democratic tendencies. People are more and more coming to look to leaders. This does not necessarily mean the abdication of individual judgment. Least of all does it signify a hankering for a dictator or despot. Before the elections of 1849 in France, an intelligent Frenchman told Nassau Senior that many farmers and peasants, and especially women, were saying: "We are tired of these Assemblies. *Il nous faut un maître.*" It was a clear sign that Louis Napoleon was coming. But it is in nothing of that spirit of abasement that modern democracies are craving strong leadership. They do not want a master; they are seeking, rather, a powerful servant. What they desire is the

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emergence of some man who will both interpret and guide the popular will, and by use of the powers of influential office get that will written into law, or translated into action. It does not matter greatly what the office happens to be called. The desired leader may show himself as Mayor or District Attorney; as Governor or President; less often, as Representative or Senator. The essential thing is that, once the commanding quality is shown, and the great public work set going, the people are certain to rise to the leadership.

There are obvious reasons why these outstanding men should nowadays so frequently be executives. The very mass of men in Legislatures and Congress makes differentiation hard. Only the exceptional members show their heads above their fellows. Constituencies seem more and more inclined to be content with the services of their immediate representatives in the way of "looking after the deestricts," being reasonably honest, and voting as they should on the large questions. But for initiative and large inspiration they are now accustomed to search elsewhere. And one unquestioned function of executives gives them a great opportunity to catch the eye of the public. They have an unchallenged right, as Gov. Hughes said, to "state their convictions," implying the recommendation of laws. Now this privilege, or duty, in the present state of affairs, goes as if made for it with the peculiar enlargement of executive powers which we are seeing in our day. It enables a vigorous and clear-headed Governor, or President, to make himself an advocate with the people, at the same time that he sees to the execution of the laws, and to put himself at the head of movements to secure new laws. In a sense, this is an executive intrusion upon the province of law-makers; but must a citizen be dumb simply because he is Governor? Having been chosen directly by the people to the highest office within their gift, shall he be debarred from saying what he thinks to be for the good of the people? We see how great are the possibilities of that conceded power of the executive to "state his views," and urge them upon Legislature or Congress.

If any man can draw a hard and fast line in these matters of executive usurpation, we should like to meet him. On second thought, we should not like to meet him, for he would certainly be a pedant and a bore. The only really satisfying distinction, for the individual critic, that we ever heard of is that of the old gentleman at Washington who said that he liked to have the President interfere in behalf of what he himself wanted, but was ready to have impeachment proceedings begun when the President took the other side. In our hearts, most of us come pretty near that position. There is, however, one sharp division that can be made. A Governor may impose his will upon the Legislature as Hill did, or Odell did—that is, by appeal to corrupt motives, either personal or political. That sort of usurpation is always to be condemned, not because it is usurpation, but because it is corruption. Between that and the method which Gov. Hughes has followed, there is all the difference of night and day.

THE HAGUE OUTLOOK.

The dispatches from The Hague picture the opening of the Peace Conference as distinctly gloomy. The failure of President Roosevelt to take a strong stand for a discussion of the limitation of armaments, and the troubles in Russia, are but two of the causes that seem to doom the Conference to impotency. But it is far too early to lose courage. Even the limitation of armaments may be reached in a roundabout way, and some definite advances must surely be recorded, if not in the way of preventing war, at least in the methods of conducting it. The delegates cannot fail to realize the immense value to mankind of such a gathering, and they will certainly endeavor to agree on some positive measures, if only for the sake of the prestige of the Conference.

At any rate, there is no reason yet to speak of the Conference as "The Farce at The Hague," as does Frederic Palmer in the current *Collier's*. Writing from the standpoint of a professional war-correspondent, he sneers freely at some of the obvious inconsistencies at the Conference, notably the presence of naval and military delegates; and dwells upon the certainty that no delegate will rise in his seat and say: "Gentlemen, in the event of war, this proposal would be prejudicial to the nation I represent, but, as we come here to sink selfishness, in the name of humanity I will gladly support it." But while no delegates will probably be found to state this openly, it is by no means impossible that some of them will act in accordance with this sentiment. Take the question of the inviolability of private property at sea. England has most to lose by the establishment of this doctrine, and her jingo papers are already protesting against any assent to it. Yet some of her foremost legal lights have favored it, and the well-known pacific character of the present Liberal Government makes it incredible that it would instruct its delegates to hold out against such a proposal. A Ministry which offered to limit its naval increase could be guilty of no such inconsistency.

But there are plenty of other examples of loose and superficial thinking in Mr. Palmer's article, before he reaches a thorough *non sequitur* in declaring that a "strong arm and sweet and reasonable temper form a golden rule for nations as well as men," and that "modern war, so largely waged with the intellect, has inherent humanities far outstripping the Red Cross. It gives strength to those who know how best to use it for the good of the world." Of course, every nation thinks that it alone knows best how to use its power for the good of the world. Again, Mr. Palmer as an argument to belittle the Hague gathering employs statistics to show how the cost of the navies and armies of the world has increased since 1897 in proportion to the growth of commerce and population. Thus the cost of the American army has been enlarged 253 per cent. in the last ten years, and the navy 240 per cent.; the German taxpayers pay 288 per cent. more for their navy and 55 per cent. more for their army; Great Britain's increases are 63 and 59 per cent., and the comparatively impoverished Japanese are now compelled to pay 200 and 309 per cent. more for their armaments than they were ten years ago. But this increase in financial burdens is the very reason why every right-minded man should seek to encourage the Conference, not to gird at it.

Leaving aside all questions of morality and Christianity, the fact is that the European nations are headed straight for bankruptcy; that within a comparatively brief period the growth in the cost of armaments must make them look to The Hague in an entirely different spirit from that which now actuates them. We do not mean to bring up here the old simile of the peasant staggering under the burden of the armed man he carries on his back. It is far more effective to treat of the nations as a whole. Why is the British income tax to-day, four years after the peace treaty in South Africa, higher than at any time since the Napoleonic era, excepting only the period of actual hostilities during the Boer and Crimean wars? It has been admitted openly that this is entirely due to the steadily increasing cost of the navy. As England's population has increased only 8 per cent. since 1897, it is obvious that the added burdens bear more than ever heavily upon the public. On the Continent financiers have long been dwelling with alarm upon the inability to get capital in sufficient quantity to supply the needs of trade and commerce, with the result that there has been for twelve years past a steady decline in the value of the most gilt-edged securities. While there are several reasons for this depreciation, the best foreign economists invariably include among these causes the great expansion of national debts, due to recent wars, and precisely that increase in cost of armaments to which Mr. Palmer refers. He proclaims that killing power means peace; but it als-

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means financial shipwreck, if it continues to cost as it does.

Nor does the United States escape. J. J. Hill has recently pointed out that the difficulties of the railways in raising capital in this market, where governments as well as industry are competing with them, threaten "commercial paralysis," which means "slow death." Plainly, on the financial argument alone, the Hague Conference ought to have the strongest possible support. When a spendthrift heads for ruin by striving to outdo others in lavish outlay, his friends get together to lock up either his checkbook or himself. The possession of armaments has become a veritable madness that calls for the doctor—not the old-fashioned bleeder, but the scientific physician of to-day, who seeks the evil, and, having discovered it, treats it sanely.

THE RUSSIAN DISAPPOINTMENT.

The dispatches of last Monday made it clear that the abrupt dissolution of the Duma was the Czar's work. Apparently, he overrode the ablest of his own Ministers, including the Premier. The world had hoped better things of Nicholas, but it forgot how deeply ingrained in him was the absolutist tradition. The idea of any political body limiting his authority, or refusing to bow to his will, is evidently as foreign to his mind as to that of the Sultan of Turkey. The short-lived Turkish Parliament was abolished with as little ceremony, and for about the same reasons, as the Duma. Nicholas cannot, any better than Abdul, bear a brother near the throne—even when that brother is a lawfully chosen representative assembly, whose privileges he had vowed to respect and whose powers to validate.

The Czar's ruthless disregard of his promises to the Russian people, as of the obligations which he assumed in the face of all civilized nations, makes his proposal of a third Duma, to be constituted under a new "electoral law" of his own devising, seem highly farcical. It is plain that what he really wants is, not a true Parliament, but a pliant Council of State. If the new Duma, in case there be one, does not cringe before him, its life will be ended as summarily, and with as little regard for the Czar's pledged word and fundamental guarantees, as has been that of its predecessors. Seemingly, the very conception of constitutional government under a limited monarchy, has no more entered the head of Nicholas II. than it has that of a Moro Datto. There stood his solemn promise, on the convocation of the first Duma, that the electoral law should not be changed without its consent; but such restraints are no more to him than so much pack-thread. Towards his own pledges, and even the fundamental laws, his attitude is very like that of the old Legitimist of France who talked to Niebuhr about the Charte. He said that the king had granted it, but that, of course, nobody expected him to be bound by it.

Say what one will about absolutism being no concern of the Hague delegates, its unpleasant effects cannot fail to disturb them. The thing may come home to them in the most practical way. Suppose that the members of the Duma under the ban seek a refuge at The Hague? It is already reported that they may. Imagine them issuing a manifesto, reciting their grievances and the Czar's faithlessness, under the very shadow of the Peace Conference! When the previous Duma was dissolved, the news came at the time of the sittings of the Interparliamentary Union in London On that occasion the Prime Minister of England boldly raised the cry: "La Duma est morte. Vive la Duma!" Probably no one at the Hague Congress will be guilty of so splendid an indiscretion; but it is certain that the French and English and American delegates will wish that the utterance could be made with propriety.

Outsiders scarcely expected the Russian *coup d'état* to be submitted to so quietly. The prevailing calm, so far, may be variously interpreted. Possibly, it signifies exhaustion, for the time being. The Russian people have been in continuous turmoil for more than a year; and the most fiery enthusiasm cannot flame forever. This would especially be the case when the people saw that the Government had carefully taken its measures, and was in a position to put down any violent resistance. If this be so, it is undoubtedly better that order should "reign at Warsaw," and elsewhere throughout the Empire, in consequence of temporary submission, rather than of a rising and a massacre. But the dispatches are most misleading if they do not indicate a firm purpose on the part of Russian patriots to press forward towards representative institutions. They propose again to measure their strength in elections, even though grossly discriminated against in the franchise and in representation. It would be strange, too, if the Terrorists should not resume their activity. Their dreadful work is given fresh provocation, though not a defence, by the absolute muzzling of the press; for, as Wendell Phillips said in his Phi Beta Kappa oration on Russian Nihilism, where public discussion is not allowed, bombs are certain to be hurled and daggers driven home. And with all its apparent security, the Government cannot be sure of its own weapons of repression. Mutterings of mutiny in the fleet have been heard, and may be in the army also. In any case, the great Russian experiment in liberty cannot end here.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

An editorial note in the June number of the Columbia University *Quarterly* contains a suggestion worthy of serious consideration. It is to the effect that, while the foreign interchange of professors has been encouraged and systematized, a phase of academic coöperation which could be made a most valuable adjunct of instruction in our colleges and universities lies comparatively overlooked and unused. What is meant is a more widely developed domestic interchange between American institutions than has hitherto been attempted, to the end of making it possible, by a temporary loan, to round out the instruction in a given institution. This, in its turn, would be glad to give a *quid pro quo* in another field. The condition is, of course, not altogether a new one, since the non-resident professor who delivers a course of lectures, or even assumes further academic duties for a year or a semester, is well known in this country; but the procedure, at present, is characteristically haphazard.

Even a hasty review of the situation will convince one of its latent possibilities. There is, let us say, but a single great exponent of "pragmatism," who belongs to the philosophical department of a certain university. Its neighbor university, however, though suffering from a pragmatic famine, has a master of protozoölogy, which the first has not been able, for some reason or other, to include among its subjects of instruction. Nothing could be more feasible than for the two institutions to make the required exchange. It could be done, not only without detriment to the interests of either, but to the positive advantage of both. The temporary withdrawal from the corps of instruction of one man would really amount to but little in the department immediately affected, and would be more than offset by the ultimate gain to the professor himself as a teacher, in the revivification that should come to him from contact with new minds and inspiring conditions. Both institutions would gain in prestige by the transaction, because it would publicly appear that each has a distinguished scholar whom it is desirable for the other to borrow. It would be distinctly to the advantage of the student, for it would give him an additional opportunity to supplement his education, and would widen his academic horizon by reminding him that his own college walls are not necessarily the boundaries of human knowledge.

A domestic system of professorial interchange would be especially valuable in the graduate work of the university. In the notable homogeneous organization of graduate instruction that is being evolved in the universities of America, it is plain that not only is parity

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of standard necessary, but that mutual coöperation is quite as indispensable. The rivalry that has existed among the colleges, and to a certain extent exists still, is doubtless justified, in a measure, by differences of opportunity in the curriculum, and by a consequent standard of value in the degrees bestowed. These differences, however, in later times are tending to disappear.

In graduate instruction this academic rivalry, from the nature of the case, has scarcely existed. Some institutions have developed the graduate side of their activity rapidly, some slowly, and some not at all; but where it has been done it has taken place along lines singularly homogeneous in point of standard. Not all universities, however, have developed all sides of graduate study harmoniously, nor is it at all necessary that each should cover the entire realm of learning. More could be accomplished by American universities if each made particular effort to exploit exhaustively at least some one phase of knowledge, while conspicuously neglecting none. A wide interchange of professors would greatly facilitate such a process and would benefit largely the whole cause of learning, for it would render possible, to a degree not hitherto attained, a systematic supplementing of the work, with a consequent decrease in the costly duplication of equipment at present involved.

The education, too, of the university, even more than that of the college, is a question of men. It is still a question, primarily, of course, of subject; but in the final development of any subject it is the great individual teacher who leaves the deepest impress upon the student's mind. This condition is met in Germany by the well-recognized system of student migration, which is encouraged by the universities. They demand but a single matriculation at the beginning of the period of university study, and allow freedom of residence for longer or shorter periods in any of the twenty-one universities of the land, with the option of taking the final examination—and the only one—at whatever university may be preferred. It is an established part of such a system that the student shall seek, in his specialty, the instruction of the great men who are expounding it; and it is possible, in this manner, to get all sides of a subject under equally favorable conditions. The migration of graduate students in American universities has become in late years perfectly familiar, although for various reasons it has not yet developed into the system of correlation and coöperation which characterizes it in Germany. All of the greater universities draw a large part of their graduate students from other colleges than their own; and, with the recognition of the need of many colleges and few universities, which is sure to come, this will be more and more the case. The idea, however, is not yet firmly implanted in the American mind, and the advantages of student migration are neither plainly preached nor widely practised. In the meantime, as the *Quarterly* remarks, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed can go to the mountain; and an active professorial exchange would make up, to some extent at least, for the disabilities of the present undeveloped system of student interchange, while greatly strengthening the whole system of graduate instruction.

The foreign exchange of professors is a graceful act of international comity, and interesting as an experiment in the history of education. There is far larger promise, however, on the purely academic side, in the domestic exchange that is proposed in the *Quarterly* article. Yet, because of its familiar and nearby character, it has been neglected. Like the young man in Hawthorne's well-known story, our educators have sought round the world for the treasure which lies buried, after all, at their very door.

THE VANISHING MANUSCRIPT.

If the world were to be informed that after a certain date no pictures would be painted, and the "art photographer" would enjoy a legal monopoly of the field, it is safe to say that the galleries would be filled with eager and regretful throngs. Some such wistfulness must be felt by any one who visits a collection of authors' manuscripts. It represents a dying art, almost as truly as a series of illuminated missals. Within a few years, authors' manuscripts, in the strict sense, will virtually have ceased to exist. We mean not only that such calligraphy as one may note in a Petrarch, or, the other day, in a Lafcadio Hearn, will be no more; not merely that such masterful cuts and thrusts of the pen as one sees in the book of Benvenuto Cellini at the Laurentian will no longer be delivered, but that literary manuscripts of the commonest sort will be rare enough to be valued as curiosities.

Literary relics of some sort will, no doubt, persist. One can hardly imagine, however, much sentiment being expended upon the almost universal typewritten copy. Well scored by the pen, it may afford a kind of substitute for the real thing. At any rate, that will be as near an approach to an author's manuscript as our children may fairly hope to collect. Undoubtedly, those who profess the refinements of the pursuit will try to distinguish between a bit of copy that a famous author typed himself; that which was produced by his secretary; and that which was done at random in a public office. Along these lines one may foresee a new and difficult science of bibliography. Writing machines will be put under glass as quill pens and inkpots now are. Scholars will die for it that in a certain year Howells changed a Hammond for a Remington, or vice-versa. Doctoral dissertations will be written to prove just when James set up an amanuensis—a date possibly not without serious bearings on his later manner. What posterity will do in the case of the famous humorist with whom composition has long consisted of daily loquacity before a phonograph, we may only dimly imagine. It is evident that his "cylinders" will deserve to be exhibited as original notes. The comparison of these mechanical records with the final literary product might be a task no less arduous, if possibly less rewarding, than the editing of Pascal from the confused mass of the manuscript "Pensées."

In any case, the disuse of the pen for literary purposes, or at least its restriction to rough notes, seems certain. Publishers' readers already classify writers as those who thriftily do their own typewriting, and those who are prosperous enough to have it done with professional immaculateness. Those who write with the pen represent a mere remnant. It would be interesting to inquire if the few penmen are not also an élite. It is certain that dictation makes for diffuseness. Herbert Spencer, for example, in the preparation of the definitive edition of his works, found that he could regularly cut out a quarter or so from all books composed after the employment of an amanuensis, whereas the earlier volumes were of a texture so close that little condensation was possible. It is premature to assume that the passing of the pen involves a decadence in style, but such a fact as we have cited affords a presumption that an author with whom style is a chief concern should himself manipulate the typewriter or stick to the obsolescent pen.

Commercially, at least, authors' manuscript must become a rare and costly commodity. A literary manuscript fairly written with the pen in the first quarter of the twentieth century, should by the twenty-first hardly yield in rarity to a book printed, say, in the last quarter of the fifteenth. One may imagine the casual scrawls of Mr. Penny-a-liner acquiring as factitious a value as, for instance, the calligraphy of Goethe's washwoman. And here is opened a way by which the farsighted but unsuccessful author may make dignified provision, if not for himself and the hungry mouths about him, at least for his children's children. Whoever will leave in trust for a matter of a hundred years a portly bundle of literary manuscript, good, bad, or indifferent, may count upon a moderate bibliographical notoriety at the end of that period, and may enjoy the more humane satisfaction of knowing that his descendants

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will find both comfort and a certain measure of fame.

Such a prospect should go far to console the machineless author when confronted with the cruel notification that only typewritten or clearly legible manuscripts are considered. It should also soften the blow of unconditional rejection to reflect that, to the proverbial blindness of publishers and editors, may now be added their crass inability to realize the potential desirableness of the few real manuscripts that still come under their eyes. If *scriptum est* will in the near future imply a distinction, old-fashioned lovers of the pen may find compensation for the cold welcome and short shrift they too often receive in the present.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

PARIS, June 7.

Some late reviews contain important material, which cannot be found elsewhere, on subjects now uppermost.

"Syndicalism" is in France the new, all-absorbing form of Labor's conflict with Capital. Its growth has been so rapid that its gravity is not appreciated abroad. This year, even more than last, the strikes and other "direct action," which it has combined, have upset the industrial life of the country, and forced the attention of Parliament and Government. It is non-political, but Socialist and Radical Socialist political parties are obliged to become its instruments. It refuses such labels as Socialism, Collectivism, Anarchy, Reform, or Revolution; and it ought not to be brushed aside as mere revolutionary Trade-Unionism. It is extra-Parliamentary and extra-judicial, although it tries to keep within the laws; but it is suspected with reason of going in for anti-militarism, and even international anti-patriotism. It might well be the nearest outcome of the Labor movement in all countries.

It has hitherto been difficult to trace the history of this organized agitation, which was fullblown before the world knew of its existence. For the one evil which it recognizes—the dualism of society from the inequality of wage-earners and wage-payers—it proposes one remedy—free and equitable contract, to be obtained by "syndical action." This does not mean by each trade-union separately, but by the federation of all labor unions, which in France now means the "C. G. T."—Confédération Générale du Travail. It fulfils, by its "direct action," Proudhon's "revolution of folded arms"; and Waldeck-Rousseau made it possible by his laws of 1884 and 1901. He said officially at the time: "Government and Parliament have not allowed themselves to be terrified by the hypothetical danger of an anti-social federation of all workers." Those who wish to follow the hypothesis under rapid verification may read a complete and favorable and documentary article on the history and present state of Syndicalism, published by Félicien Challaye in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* for January and March, 1907. In the two latest numbers of the *Grande Revue* (May 10 and 25), there are short, clear expositions, divergent in tendency, by Paul Robiquet and Ferdinand Buisson; the latter, who has been the philosopher of Radical Socialism from its start, frankly names his article "The Syndicalist Crisis."

Those who wish a clear idea of the Naturalist school of literature, of which Zola was the godfather, will find it succinctly expressed in a pathetic article of one of the first five disciples, Henry Céard, who explains how another of the five—J. K. Huysmans, who has just died—finally broke the narrow bonds of the *roman de mœurs* wherein Zola's characters wrought out their genealogy on impulse and instinct, without soul. Céard corrects slightly the account given by yet another of the five, no less a man than Guy de Maupassant. He adds: "The time is not far when Huysmans will be considered the prophet of the Realism of the future" (*Grande Revue*, May 25).

The thought of a man who views human events from so high a standpoint as did Alexis de Tocqueville does not lose its importance as the world moves on. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* (June 1) gives a first series of extracts from a correspondence with Count Arthur de Gobineau, the French generalizer, whose books are all but unknown in his own country, and all but classic in Germany. The originals are preserved in Strasburg; the curator, L. Schemann, seems to have an entire volume quite unpublished in hand. This first instalment deals with the history of popular morals and the possibility of such morals without religion or tradition. The letters were written with a view to a hitherto unknown work in collaboration; they date from the years when the shortlived Republic of 1848 was sinking in the Second Empire, and present in milder form the pessimism which distinguishes Taine's recently published correspondence.

The *Mercure de France*, which is considered a review of the young, has succeeded in eliciting for its three latest numbers and others to come an expression of views on the religious crisis from dozens of the most varied authorities, French and foreign. There is great and fundamental divergence in the notion itself of religion, from those who hold it a lucid intellectual act to those who set it down as specifically a thrill of the solar plexus. Also some think religion dead finally, while others are equally certain that it is more alive than ever; and yet others, who acknowledge the thing to be undying, would fain change it into something else with the same name. The illustrious signers of the opinions guarantee the good faith of this confusion of minds.

Fifty years having elapsed since Alfred de Musset's death, his works by the French copyright law now fall into the public domain. Musset, whatever critics may say, has a continued popular sale, which Victor Hugo never had. Publishers are taking advantage of this to bring out editions at pleasure, even one "for the family" edited by Émile Faguet. But this also alarms living authors, who fear that their own sales may be injured by cheap editions of the dead man's work. They ask new legislation. Marcel Prévost thinks copyright should last as long as there is a direct representative of the author's family, like all other property. Another asks that the state should levy 10 per cent. on all publishers' receipts from books without copyright! What will happen when Dumas's novels go out of copyright?

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The original Waldseemüller map of 1507, which was found by Professor Fischer in 1901 in a bound volume in the library of Wolfegg Castle, in Germany, is now offered for sale. This, the first engraved map containing the name America, had long been diligently sought for. In the "Cosmographiæ Introductio," the first edition of which was published at St. Dié, in the Vosges Mountains, on the Kalends of May, 1507, it was first suggested that the new land be named America "because Americus discovered it." The book purports to contain the principles of geometry and astronomy as well as an account of the four voyages of Vespucius. The title makes mention of "a representation of universal cosmography both in solido and in plano" on which was inserted "what to Ptolemy was unknown and lately discovered." On the back of a folding diagram in the book is a description of the globe and the map referred to. This was pointed out by Humboldt, and since his day the globe and map have been sought for. The map, it was supposed, was too large for insertion in the volume, but no one expected to find such a cartographical monster as it turned out to be on its discovery. It was printed from wood blocks on twelve sheets, each measuring (on an average) 23½ inches by 17½ inches (exclusive of margins), and the complete map when put together measures about 8 feet long by 4½ feet high. The sheets of the copy preserved at Wolfegg Castle were not joined together, as was intended, but were bound up with other maps in an atlas. This probably accounts for its preservation, the only specimen, apparently, which has survived four hundred years, out of one thousand copies which are known to have been printed. In the same atlas was another map, the "Carta Marina" of 1516, also by Waldseemüller. The existence of this second map was not known before its recent discovery. It is made up of twelve sheets of the same size as the 1507 map. The owner of the atlas, His Highness Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg-Waldsee, offers the volume for $300,000, the London booksellers, Henry Stevens, Sons & Stiles, being his agents. The map is of great interest and value; but the price put upon it is beyond reason.

Major E. S. Turner, who since its organization has been the manager of the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company, has severed his connection with that concern, except as a stockholder, and has acquired a controlling interest in the older house, the Anderson Auction Company. They promise numerous important sales next season. They have a sale Monday afternoon, and sales on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening. There are few notable items in the three catalogues, the most important being a copy of Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy," 1839, in the original paper cover, which will be sold Monday evening. C. F. Libbie & Co. hold their last sale for the season on June 25 and 26. The books offered are very miscellaneous in character, and seem to be the cleaning up of the season's business.

Scott's autograph manuscript of his "History of Scotland," which went for £510 at Sotheby's on May 31, had been twice sold at auction in New York. In the Fredrickson sale, in May, 1897, it brought $245. It was

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shortly afterwards acquired by the late Bishop John F. Hurst, and when his library was sold in March, 1905, the manuscript brought $1,600. The following are a few other important records at the same sale at Sotheby's: FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam," 1859, £41; Caxton's "Golden Legend," 1483 (imperfect), £480; Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," 1776, uncut, £43; Byron's "Fugitive Pieces," corrected proofs for the "Hours of Idleness," 1806, £182; Shakespeare, First Folio, 1623, £2,400; Second Folio, 1632, £140; Third Folio, 1663-64, a very fine and desirable copy, £1,550; "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 (only one other copy known), £1,910; "King Richard III.," 1629, £80; "Merchant of Venice," Heyes imprint, 1600, £510; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £100; "King Lear," the Pide Bull" edition, 1608, £250; "Hamlet," J. Smethwicke, n. d., £180; "Arden of Feversham," 1592, £1,210; "London Prodigal," 1605, £51; Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619, £46.

Correspondence.

COLERIDGE ON THE SPIRIT OF APOSTASY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I had recently an opportunity of examining the copy of the "Select Discourses of John Smith" (1660), with the marginalia of Coleridge. Most of these have been printed, though with some editorial emendations—or variations. Two passages, however, I do not find in either the "Literary Remains" or the "Notes on English Divines." They have some interest as expressing Coleridge's view as to the ethical significance of the Evil Principle whether known as Satan, the Devil, or the Old Dragon.

There is a characteristic passage in Smith (p. 459), where he says: "The Old Dragon mentioned in the Revelation with his tail drew down the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the Earth"; on which Coleridge has the following note:

How much it is to be regretted, that so enlightened and able a divine had not philosophically and scripturally enucleated this so difficult yet import[ant] question respecting the personal existence of the Evil Principle, *i. e.*, whether as το δεῖον of Paganism is ὁ θεος in Christianity, and so the το πονηρὸν is to be ὁ πονηρος? and whether this is an express doctrine of Christ and not merely a Jewish dogma left undisturbed to fade away under the increasing light of the Gospel instead of assuming the former and confirming the position by a verse from a poetic tissue of visual symbols—a verse alien from the subject, and by which the Apocalypt enigmatised the Neronian persecution and the apostasy through fear occasioned by it in a large number of converts! S. T. C.

Further on (p. 463) Smith says: "When we say 'The Devil is continually busy with us' I mean not only some apostate spirit as one particular Being, but that spirit of apostasy which is lodged in all men's natures; and this may seem particularly to be aimed at in this place, if we observe the context: as the Scripture speaks of Christ not only as a particular person, but as a divine principle in holy souls." On which Coleridge observes:

May I not venture to suspect that this was Smith's own belief and judgment! And that his conversion of the *Satan, i. e.*, circuiter or minister of police (which our Sterne calls the Accusing Angel), in the Prologue to Job into the Devil was a mere condescension to the prevailing prejudice? Here, however, he speaks like himself and like a true religious philosopher, who felt that the personality of Evil Spirits is a trifling question, compared with the personëity of the Evil Principle. This is indeed most momentous.

In a note written on the fly-leaf and printed in the "Literary Remains," Coleridge remarks that "an account of the Cambridge Platonists would make a delightful and instructive essay." What a pity that his study in March, 1824, of the sermons of John Smith, a distinguished member of this remarkable group of thinkers, did not lead him to accomplish his project.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, Eng., June 6.

SCIENCE FOR GENERAL STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the various circumstances which our descendants will point to as indicating the thoughtlessness of the present generation, none will be more conclusive than the way that some of our colleges have of providing for the scientific education of their non-scientific students. If a student is making a special subject of literature, for instance, what he needs to know about science is (1) the character of its methods, and (2) its main, important, results. The right way to secure this knowledge would be by a general course, covering a year of solid work, devoted to physics, chemistry, and biology, given either by a professor of rarely wide interests, or—what would usually be the best thing attainable—by three different professors. What is actually done in some of the colleges is to require the student to take one year of any one science he may happen to choose, which means usually that one—it might be geology—which he thinks he can slip through most easily, and to take it with the students who are being given their introductory year to a special course in the subject. But this is not to accomplish the object, (1) for the methods employed are too minute and detailed for the general student—he cannot see the woods for the trees; and it is to throw away the opportunity to gain the splendid—the indispensable—object (2). An educated human being who does not start life with a general knowledge of the results of the three great sciences is not educated, in the proper sense of the term. Is not this plan extremely unreasonable, or, to say the least, thoughtless? Has not the poor student a right to take it ill that his interests are so little considered? L. M. N.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Were it desirable to consume more of your valuable space in discussing the University of Maine, I should be glad to show several of the errors into which Mr. George L. Fox has fallen through ignorance of the facts about Maine educational conditions. For example, the University of Maine has *not* received "most of its money" from the State Treasury, does *not* give "free instruction," benefits *all* classes of citizens, has *not* "injured greatly the small colleges"; the statistics given of students in the institution are quite incorrect, and President Hyde did *not* at all oppose a large appropriation for it.

As to the argument that it is unjust to tax the many where the direct benefit goes only to the few, a little reflection will convince your readers that that principle is contradicted throughout our whole system of taxation, and must be. If I have no son of my own to be instructed, I pay my school tax like a good citizen, just the same, and derive infinite advantage indirectly from the higher education of others.

Karl Pomeroy Harrington.

Middletown, Conn., June 13.

"THE PIERIAN SPRING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In looking over Drayton's "Of Poets and Poesie" the other day, I stumbled on the following lines:

Next these learn'd Jonson in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian Spring.

Why has no editor of Pope pointed out the resemblance between his famous couplet and the lines of Drayton just quoted?

C. T. Copeland.

Cambridge, June 14.

Notes.

Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara" is about to be issued by Brentano's.

Early in the autumn the Macmillan Company will publish the letters of "that witty and learned cleric," Dean Hole.

Two books of memoirs are promised, which ought to contain much interesting matter. One is the reminiscences of Sir Edward Clarke, journalist, lawyer, and statesman; the other of the eminent illustrator, Walter Crane.

Next month Phillimore & Co. publish the "Guild Book of Stratford-upon-Avon," translated and edited by J. Harvey Bloom. It contains lists of admissions to the guild for the 130 years previous to the beginning of parish registers.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are about to publish an English translation of Ellen Key's "Century of the Child," which has caused so much talk in Sweden and Germany.

Edgar Prestage is writing a history of Portuguese literature—the first since the translation of Bouterwek's about a hundred years ago.

Hopper Striker Mott is preparing a history of "The Church at Harsenville," commonly known as the Bloomingdale Reformed Church. The work is to contain a large amount of topographical and genealogical matter, and will be illustrated with many hitherto unprinted views obtained from family sources.

J. St. Goar of Frankfort has published a "Stammbuch der Frankfurter Juden, von 1349-1849; mit einem Plane der Judengasse," by Dr. Alexander Dietz. The work contains the history of 625 Jewish families, besides much kindred matter.

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Bernard Quaritch, the great bookseller, has moved his London establishment to No. 11 Grafton Street, New Bond Street, W.

Classical scholars, and particularly students of Homer, will be glad to have the short memoir of David Binning Monro, translated, with slight alterations, from a notice by J. Cook Wilson in the "Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der klassischen Alterthumswissenschaft" (the Clarendon Press). The frontispiece is a capital photogravure portrait of the late Provost of Oriel College at his working table.

In recording the publication of "The Statesman's Year-Book" for 1907 (The Macmillan Co.) we need do no more than mention the more important changes and additions as pointed out by the editors of that invaluable work. The section dealing with the West African British Possessions has been rearranged, while Bolivia and Venezuela have been largely rewritten. The Transvaal Constitution and the Persian Constitution are included, with other new matter of history. The sections relating to the armies of the various states have been entirely rewritten by Major-Gen. P. J. Maitland, C.B. Tables and diagrams showing the growth of the navies of the world have been constructed by Fred T. Jane. In the present edition the United States occupies 262 pages, the British Empire 399, German Empire 120, and France 95.

The work of the Federal Government in increasing and enriching the supply of food and game fishes in every section of the country is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June by the well-known ichthyologist and deputy commissioner of fisheries, Hugh M. Smith. Its special features have been the interchange of fishes between the Eastern and Western parts of the country and the importations from foreign lands. Among the most noteworthy achievements are the introduction of trout into Colorado, which is now the best-stocked State, and the colonization of shad and striped bass on the Pacific Coast. The contributions of the West to the East are mainly rainbow trout and the Pacific salmon. He devotes considerable space to the most widely distributed of our fish immigrants, the much abused carp, and commends it for its great economic value. Among the objects under consideration are the acclimatization of the dwarf salmon, pearl and edible oysters from Japan, and toilet sponges from the Mediterranean. Allied to this subject are the notice of Dr. T. Gill's monograph on fishes that build nests and take care of their young, and some notes on the remarkable habits of certain turtles and lizards. The illustrations, now the marked feature of the magazine, are of the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming, "the wildest Alpine scenery in America," Dutch and British Guiana, the latter being accompanied by Prof. Angelo Heilprin's entertaining impressions of the Guiana wilderness and its wonderful forest.

The admission of women to the graduate work of the Johns Hopkins University, by a unanimous vote of the board of trustees, has aroused no special attention: this is the last stronghold to fall, and it may be considered that, as regards education, the battle begun by Elizabeth Blackwell, and other ardent fighters of her day, has now been won. As the latest sign of the good use which the privileged women of to-day are making of their facilities, it may be noted that the student taking the highest honors this year at Dickinson College is a woman, and that four women out of six students got the Phi Beta Kappa election.

A comparison of the figures for attendance at the Asheville conference of the American Library Association with those of the conference held at Atlanta eight years ago shows a striking growth of interest in the work. At Atlanta the total attendance was 215, and the number of delegates representing Southern States thirty-four, of which more than a majority were from the city of Atlanta itself. Such important States as Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Florida were not represented by a single delegate. This year the total registry of delegates was about 415, of which no less than ninety were from the South. North Carolina, which eight years before had no delegate, was represented this year by thirteen. Nineteen delegates registered from Georgia, giving that State sixth place in respect to size of delegation, and placing it above Connecticut, Michigan, Iowa, Ohio, and Indiana. Kentucky, which at Atlanta was represented by one delegate only, had at this year's conference a total of twelve.

An interesting exhibition of objects illustrative of Greek and Roman life has just been opened at the British Museum. It is a tentative experiment with the aim not only to serve an educational purpose, but also to aid those who would penetrate the secrets of ancient thought and art which were so closely interwoven with the threads of ancient life. The objects are divided into two main sections of public and domestic institutions. In the first, the drama, religion and politics, the palæstra and the circus, and war are represented. In the other are to be found children's toys and games, and objects showing lessons in reading, writing, and painting. Among these are a wax tablet inscribed with a multiplication table from 1×1 to 3×10; a potsherd painted with a spelling exercise, combination of each consonant with each of the vowel sounds arranged in order; and a recitation-board with six lines of the Iliad, set out probably for the pupils to recite in unison with the master. There are also dolls, dresses, furniture, terracotta boats, etc., and two double-cylindered force pumps, used for fire-engines, and showing that our modern engines have gone but little further in these 2,000 years.

Russian papers report that the Government has practically decided upon the establishment of a new university in the northwestern part of the empire, in the Volga districts, preference being shown to the city of Woronesh, which makes the largest offer of financial assistance. This step is the result of the proposals of a committee of professors from the Russian University of Warsaw, and the Government is now chiefly concerned about the selection of a proper teaching corps.

The educational department of the French Government has published the university statistics for the last academic year. The whole number of students enrolled in the universities was 38,197, and of these 35,638 were men, making the woman contingent 2,559. Of the men, 33,399 were French and 2,239 foreigners, but more than one-half of the women were outsiders, namely, 1,195. The total enrolment of foreign students is accordingly 3,434, which is a considerable increase over the proportion some years ago, this change being doubtlessly the result of the systematic agitation started about a decade ago for the purpose of attracting students from abroad. As a consequence the percentage of foreigners in the French schools is now about equal to that in the German, and in excess of that in other European lands. The preponderance of the university in Paris is overwhelming, the enrolment being 15,789 students. Berlin holds no such prominence in Germany, reporting less than one-sixth of the total student body. The attendance at the other French universities is as follows: Lyons 2,786, Toulouse, 2,675, Bordeaux 2,469, Nancy 1,841, Montpellier 1,752, Lille 1,560, Rennes 1,498, Aix-Marseilles 1,269, Dijon 966, Poitiers 962, Grenoble 896, Caen 814, Besançon 325, and Clermont 281. The total enrolment in proportion to the population is about the same as in Germany.

The *Ferienkurse*, or vacation lectures, at various German universities, introduced in recent years, have assumed an especially wide scope in Jena. They are announced for the 5th to the 17th of August, and this year will be divided into six departments, viz., natural sciences, pedagogy, psychology, social sciences, theologico-philosophical, and languages. The total number is forty, about one-half being major courses of twelve hours each, and the other half minors of six hours.

The famous *Beilage* of the *Munich Allgemeine Zeitung*, which for a century and more has appeared in large folio form, is now modernized and published in octavo magazine shape. The former editor, Dr. Oskar Bulle, who some months ago had severed his connection with this, the best general scientific journal in Germany, has again become its editor.

Volumes v. and vi. have now appeared of A. C. McClurg & Co.'s "Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. One of these contains two brief tracts, or letters, of Gabriel Naudé on the dispersion of the Mazarin library, of which he was the learned head. Naudé, that "moralizing skeptic wearing the mask of an erudite," as Sainte-Beuve called him, represented the bookish zeal of the seventeenth century, and he writes with genuine pathos of the threatened dissipation "of this the most beautiful, the best, and the largest library which had ever been brought together in the world, containing, to my own knowledge, more than forty thousand volumes, of which more than twelve thousand were in folio." The book opens with a pleasant sketch of Naudé's life by Ruth Shepard Grannis. The other book contains the "Brief Outline of the History of Libraries," by Justus Lipsius. The translation is by John Cotton Dana. We have before now called attention to the charming appearance of these little volumes.

Four of the excellent reprints of the Malone Society have been sent to us by James Burns & Co. of London. Two are in black letter: "The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist" and "The Interlude of Wealth and

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Health;" both from copies found in an Irish library in 1906 and bought by the British Museum at £195 and £102, respectively. The originals are followed scrupulously, with the exception of the letters N and U, which are often indistinguishable in the old black letter, and are therefore used by the editors according to their judgment of the sense. In such words as "indicavit" or "iudicavit" each lection gives a meaning. The other two volumes are of later works, one being the "Orlando Furioso," attributed to Robert Greene and reprinted from the British Museum copy of the quarto of 1594, the other being "The Battle of Alcazar," probably by George Peele, reprinted from the British Museum and Dyce copies of the edition of 1594. The editing has been done by W. W. Greg, with the assistance of various hands, and is intended to reproduce the exact form of the original text. The books are a desirable addition to the growing library that is bringing the literature of the sixteenth century into the hands of scholars throughout the world.

A second volume of selections from the Bowdoin-Temple Papers has been issued by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The rehabilitation of John Temple and his appointment as British consul-general is one of the features, and he served in that capacity while Bowdoin, his father-in-law, was Governor of Massachusetts. This connection brings into relief the questions of trade and impressment of seamen which were discussed between the two countries before 1800. The confiscation of Temple's estate during the Revolution was the cause of later proceedings to recover the value, and Shays's Rebellion furnishes an incident connected with the financial disturbance succeeding the war. Of special value is the series of letters from the younger Bowdoin to George W. Erving, when on his futile mission to Spain. It cannot be said that either Bowdoin or Erving makes a good showing in this diplomatic venture, and the ineffectiveness of Monroe is again demonstrated. So few of the personal letters of the men employed in these earlier foreign missions have been printed, and so incomplete is the published selections from their public dispatches, that this volume is doubly valuable. It cannot alter the accepted view of the negotiations with Spain, but it casts much light upon the characters of the negotiators, and on the personal incidents, which, petty as they often were, controlled their conduct. A careful reading of these Bowdoin letters will serve to correct any belief in the charges brought by Erving and adopted by Jackson, that John Quincy Adams was deceived by Spain in the transfer of Florida, or was careless of boundaries in the delicate negotiations which led to the cession. The editing of the volume is a model of impartiality, and is the work of Charles C. Smith.

It is a pleasure to commend "The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCrackan (L. C. Page & Co.). The author does not content himself with mere descriptions of places and scenery, but by brief accounts, sometimes biographical, of the many famous persons who by residence or travel are associated with the lakes, secures for his book a genuine human interest. Catullus, the two Plinys, Arnold of Brescia, Chevalier Bayard, Bernadino Luini, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Goethe, Volta, Donizetti, Manzoni, Garibaldi, Cavour, Ruskin, Giovanni Segantini, and many others who are so widely different in every other regard, come into these pages because they dwelt or sojourned among the most beautiful of inland waters. Passages from the poets in praise of the lakes are also quoted, from Catullus, Virgil, Dante, and the rest, though Mr. McCrackan has overlooked the last lines written by a great poet on this theme, Tennyson's "Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row." Both inside covers contain the same double-page map of the Italian lake-country. But, although it is quite large enough to include all the important places, some of the towns most prominently treated are not to be found on it, notably Pallanza and Solferino. We have noted a few errors. On page 2 it is said that "the forest trees are *of* chestnut and walnut," etc., as though they were manufactured. On page 4 the architect Bramante is called Brabante, and on page 43 Cardinal de' Medici, Cardinal de Medici. The younger Pliny was imperial legate in Bithynia and Pontus, not "Bithynia and Pontica" (p. 164). The name of the Dante scholar mentioned on p. 286 is Tozer, not Tozier. The word "large-ish," p. 226, is most objectionable. In the Italian inscription quoted on page 312 read *dimorò*, in place of "dimoro."

The Rev. Alexander Robertson, D.D., who writes "Venetian Discourses, Drawn from the History, Art, and Customs of Venice" (Scribners), is a clergyman who has lived long in Venice. His "Discourses" are a combination of history and homily. An example will suffice:

> I have often been asked if the piles of Venice palaces never rot, and so give way and require to be renewed. My answer is, unless something very abnormal happens, never. . . . In like manner, the statements and promises of God's Word never fail the believer.

Dr. Robertson has much information about Venice, and his book is beautifully illustrated; but why should any one wish to take his Venetian history in *sermons*? Algebra, seismography, and other branches of learning are not imparted in religious tabloids; why should Venetian history be?

The year 1891 saw the publication of two valuable Introductions to the Old Testament, that of Professor Driver, in English, and Prof. Carl Cornill's, in German. Driver's work was honored by translation into German by Rothstein in 1896, and G. H. Box, an English vicar and former scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, has now rendered the German treatise into English, with the title "Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The translation is made from the fifth revised edition of the German. Like its English counterpart, Professor Cornill's work has won general recognition as a standard manual of study, based on thorough research and marked by real insight into the literary and historical character of the Old Testament documents. Questions of analysis, authorship, and date are naturally prominent, but in this Introduction one is brought further along toward the construction of a religious history of Israel, which is certainly the object of Old Testament study, than is the case in some works of its class. The clearness and conciseness of the original are preserved in the translation, but it is to be regretted that the translator has made reference to previous passages by sections only, which are not noted at the top of the page and are therefore difficult to find in the text.

The universities of France have in recent years produced a series of remarkable monographs on the history of English and other modern literatures; but the latest contribution from this source, Maurice Castelain's "Ben Jonson: l'homme et l'œuvre" (Paris: Hachette), a bulky octavo of 950 pages, only in a measure maintains the high standard of its predecessors. As a critical introduction to Jonson's work for French readers it has real merit, though extended and diluted beyond the needs of the subject; but it adds little to our knowledge of Jonson, it underestimates his power and influence as a lyric poet, and ignores the historical relations of his dramatic and poetic work. M. Castelain has also published a critical edition of the "Discoveries" (Paris: Hachette), in lieu of the Latin dissertation formerly required for the degree of *docteur ès lettres*. The sources of the "Discoveries" are printed at the foot of each page, thus emphasizing Jonson's indebtedness to his classical and continental predecessors; but M. Castelain has himself added little, though something, to the classical sources already indicated in Professor Schelling's edition, and to the borrowings from Heinsius and other continental Latinists pointed out in *Modern Philology*, 1905, ii. 451-460. The book contains no other annotative material.

An excellent translation of Yosaburō Takekoshi's "Japanese Rule in Formosa," with its preface by Baron Shimpei Goto, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co. The Japanese experiment in Formosa is of great interest, now that reports from Korea give a by no means flattering picture of conditions in that captured kingdom. That Japan is being judged as a colonizer is the reason for Mr. Takekoshi's book; and, as it is obvious that he is bent on making as favorable a showing as possible for his beloved country, his conclusions must be accepted with some reserve. It is not, after all, Formosa which will tell the story, but Korea; and decades must elapse before anything like final judgment can be passed. Yet, as we pointed out recently editorially, the story the author tells is altogether favorable to Japan, particularly on the financial side. It really looks as if she would have back all the money spent on Formosa by 1910, something to make Americans jealous, when they think of the millions squandered in the Philippines for which no return seems possible. In such matters as railways and roads, telegraphs and telephones, and sanitation, great progress has been made. Order has been established, so that the proverbial young girl may travel alone, save, of course, in the uncivilized part, where force is now being used to conquer the natives. But it must not be overlooked that the Government has derived no little of its financial success from the opium, salt, and camphor monopolies. It was quick, however, to establish civil rule, and is reported to be bent on a much-needed reform of the courts.

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Mr. Takekoshi's book contains an excellent sketch of Formosa's past and a description of the island's geographical features and mineral wealth. The account of the savages is of especial value at this time of conquest. The faithful and intelligent translation is by George Braithwaite of Tokio.

Clovis Hugues, who died the other day, was for many years one of the most indefatigable of French agitators, and a writer of marked ability in both prose and verse. He was born at Ménerbes in 1851, and was educated in the Seminary at Sainte-Garde. It was at first his intention to enter the Church, but he soon renounced the idea of an ecclesiastical career and adopted that of a journalist. He wrote for a succession of newspapers, and in 1871 was arrested and condemned for his work on *La Fraternité* to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 6,000 francs. In 1878 he was tried at Aix for another offence and acquitted, and soon afterward he was elected a representative of the Extreme Left by one of the districts of Marseilles. As a deputy, M. Hugues identified himself with every demand of the extreme Radicals and Socialists. Among his best-known works may be mentioned "La Femme dans son État le plus interessant," "Les Intransigeants," "Poèmes de prison," "Les Jours de combat," "Madame Phaéton," a story of Parisian life, and "Monsieur le Gendarme." He also wrote several theatrical pieces, including "Une Étoile" and "Le Sommeil de Danton." The latter was only played once, but was reviewed very favorably.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Edward A. Pace, Condé B. Pallen, Thomas J. Shahan, John J. Wynne, assisted by numerous collaborators. In fifteen volumes. Volume I New York: Robert Appleton Co.

This sumptuous volume is well printed, beautifully illustrated, and handsomely bound. The only fault that can be found with its mechanical make-up is the heavily glazed paper, which is a little trying to the eyes. The Encyclopedia is primarily an American enterprise, published with the imprimatur of the Catholic Archbishop of New York, but the contributors are from various lands, and the work bears a genuinely international character. There are something over two hundred contributors to the first volume, of whom more than eighty are foreigners. Canada, England, Ireland, Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, and even Servia, Turkey, India, and New Zealand, are represented, but names from Mexico and South America are noticeably lacking. The general aim of the work is clearly stated in the preface, from which the following passage may be quoted:

> The Catholic Encyclopedia, as its name implies, proposes to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, action, and doctrine. What the Church teaches and has taught; what she has done and is still doing for the highest welfare of mankind; her methods past and present; her struggles, her triumphs, and the achievements of her members, not only for her own immediate benefit but for the broadening and deepening of all true science, literature, and art—all come within the scope of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It differs from the general encyclopædia in omitting facts and information which have no relation to the Church. On the other hand, it is not exclusively a Church encyclopædia, nor is it limited to the ecclesiastical sciences and the doings of churchmen. It records all that Catholics have done, not only in behalf of charity and morals, but also for the intellectual and artistic development of mankind. It chronicles what Catholic artists, educators, poets, scientists, and men of action have achieved in their several provinces.

The Encyclopedia is not meant primarily for scholars, and it contains no elaborate original contributions, such as appear in the "Britannica" or in "Hastings' Bible Dictionary" and in "Cheyne's Encyclopedia Biblica"; but as a work intended to inform the general public on the matters with which it deals, it is excellently adapted to its end. The articles are clear and concise, and as a rule sufficiently elaborate without being loaded down with unimportant details. In the matter of form, in fact, many of them are models of what encyclopædia articles should be. And while they vary greatly in value, as is inevitably the case in any work of the kind, the average is high. As a thesaurus of information touching the rites and ceremonies, the beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church, the work will undoubtedly prove invaluable. In this connection such articles as Abbey, Altar, Ambrosian Liturgy, Appeals, Asceticism, and the exceedingly convenient ones on Abbreviations and Ecclesiastical Addresses, may be particularly referred to. The last closes with the sound advice, "Even, however, with these explanations, which might have been developed at greater length, some difficulty may occasionally occur, in which case it is better to make a free use of titles of respect, rather than to run the risk of not using enough, and of thus falling short of what is due and fitting." Unfortunately, the author of the article Acolyte was not acquainted with Harnack's work on the Minor Orders, which would have kept him from representing the office in the usual way as an extension of the Diaconate.

Roman Catholic doctrine finds clear expression in the articles Adoption, Absolution, Adoration, and many others. In such articles there is considerable mediæval theology, but probably the greatest amount of merely traditional material is to be found in the articles containing the lives of various saints. In some of these commendable reticence is observed, as, for instance, in the article on Saint Agnes, but in others the old legendary tales abound. The length and profusion of detail of many of the biographical articles are an indication of the popular character of the work, but some of them, notably those on the more important popes, are exceedingly well done, the one on the notorious Alexander VI. being a model of sane and careful treatment. Of course the biographical articles are as a rule more sympathetic than in Protestant or secular encyclopædias, but the writers do not hesitate to admit the vices and weaknesses of those they describe, on the principle which one of them quotes from Leo XIII., that "The historian of the church has the duty to dissimulate none of the trials that the church has had to suffer from the faults of her children, and even at times from those of her own ministers." The article on the Duke of Alva is an excellent example of the general attitude in this respect. His cruelty and tyranny are set forth frankly, and condemned unsparingly, while on the other hand he is treated with greater fairness than is common in current accounts of his life. Reference may also be made to the brief article on the English Catholic historian Lord Acton, which contains a very just and discriminating estimate of his work.

In addition to matters of specifically Catholic interest, the Encyclopedia deals also with a wide variety of topics, as the passage quoted from the preface might lead us to expect. There are occasional articles on subjects which have no discoverable relation to Catholicism, among them for instance the philosophical one on Æsthetics, and those on Protestant movements and sects, like Arminianism and Adventists. Others, though at first sight entirely secular in character, are rather violently brought into connection with Catholicism. Thus an article on the French Academy finds its justification in the fact that it was founded by a Cardinal and its early members were all Catholics. The medical article Anæsthesia is for the most part such as might appear in any general encyclopædia, but at the close the following practical advice is given for the benefit of Catholics:

> It is important therefore that clergymen should take due precautions by advising the administration of the sacraments before anæsthesia, even though it may be but for a slight operation. Surgeons should warn patients of the risks, even though they are but slight, since the re-assurance from the due performance of Christian duties will usually make the patient more composed and less subject to the influence of shock.

Similarly the article Anatomy is exclusively medical, except for the correction of a misapprehension concerning a papal bull of the fourteenth century relating to the subject. The excellent articles on Agrarianism and Arbitration treat the subjects as any secular encyclopædia might, but in the latter the sympathy of Catholic leaders with the principle of arbitration is briefly shown, and in the former the attitude of the Catholic Church is thus interestingly indicated:

> But though there is discord between revolutionary agrarianism and collectivism, they are alike in opposition to the uniform teaching and tradition of the Catholic Church on the lawfulness of private ownership of income-yielding property whether it be named "land" or "capital." And they are alike in opposition to the idea of all great statesmen from Solon to Leo XIII., namely, flourishing populations of small farmers or peasants.

Abstinence is treated in two articles, the one containing an elaborate historical sketch, and the other discussing its physical effects. In the latter the following passage is perhaps worth quoting:

> The Church has so wisely, and with a foreknowledge of scientific investigation and present proof so accurate as to be almost supernatural, taken all the above mentioned conditions into consideration, in framing her laws regarding Abstinence, that there is not the slightest danger of any physical ills accruing to those to whom these laws apply.

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Such an article as this, and the many others on ethical and social questions, are instructive, as showing the wide ramification of Catholic interest and influence, and the degree to which religion enters into all parts of the life of a devout Catholic.

The many elaborate geographical articles also contain a great deal of material suitable to a general encyclopædia, and quite without religious bearing, but the religious conditions of the several places are set forth for the most part in an adequate and satisfactory way. In such articles as Africa, Alabama, and Alaska, it is interesting to see that Protestants are given full credit for their work, and no attempt is made to contrast it unfavorably with that of the Catholics.

Of course, in such a work as this one expects to find all specifically religious questions handled from a Catholic point of view, and one would hardly think of going to it for radical positions upon Biblical or theological matters. At the same time most of its Biblical articles are remarkably fair, stating the modern critical views and giving references to the most important recent literature, Protestant as well as Catholic. One is impressed in reading many other articles besides the Biblical with the large area of common ground shared by Catholics and Protestants. Such articles as Arianism, Apostles' Creed, Apologetics, and Agnosticism might for the most part have come from the pen of an average Protestant; and if less than full justice is done in any case to radical views, Catholicism is not to be particularly blamed for it. The unsatisfactory character of such an article as Arianism, for instance, is not due to prejudice, but to a lack of appreciation of the religious issues involved in the controversy. In fact, the general fairness of the work is one of its most conspicuous merits, and when one considers the temptation to the polemic treatment of many disputed questions, the editors are to be warmly commended for the enlightened spirit which controls at any rate the greater part of the work. It is noteworthy, in view of the modern tendency on the part of Protestant scholars to exhibit their lack of partisanship by avoiding the term "Reformation" in referring to the religious movement of the sixteenth century, to find the phrases "Protestant Reformation," "Continental Reformation," "English Reformers," and the like, used repeatedly and without any qualification in a Catholic encyclopædia.

Another conspicuous merit of the work is the way in which contributors have refrained from indulging in theological speculation and religious phantasy. The long article Angels is a good illustration of this. The subject furnished the Fathers and schoolmen with a capital opportunity for the play of religious imagination, but the article in the encyclopædia is strictly historical, giving the Biblical, patristic, and mediæval views with no attempt to defend the belief in angels, or to make devotional and homiletic use of them. In conclusion, it may be said that though this important work has chief value and significance for Catholics it contains a great deal of interest to every intelligent man, and, so far as it is used by non-Catholics, must contribute to the correcting of erroneous opinions and the breaking down of existing prejudices.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Disciple of a Saint. Being the Imaginary Biography of Raniero di Landoccio dei Pagliaresi. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This historical novel, dealing with the life and times of St. Catherine of Siena, is a noteworthy success in a most difficult form of writing. The hero, Raniero di Landoccio dei Pagliaresi, was actually a disciple of St. Catherine, and the first of her secretaries in point of time. Highly educated, contemplative, and having a decided turn for poetry, he was oppressed by a sense of the political and religious evils of the age. His disposition, in short, was of the Hamlet type. St. Catherine's glowing energy and strength of purpose, interrupted though they often were by her visions and trances, inspired her young disciple with the motive power which in himself he lacked. But being sent in advance of his spiritual mother to Avignon, he comes under the spell of the rationalizing Pagan Revival, which then, just after the death of Petrarch, was at the beginning of its still unended career. By the time that Catherine arrives in the papal city, he is ready to cry out that fourteen centuries of Christianity have been a failure. "Behold the Church!" he says. "The good within her fold are weak; they dream or acquiesce. Only the bad are strong." And of all the forms of God, presented to his inward sight in his moods of poetic exaltation, not one was in the likeness of the Cross.

Catherine sees, hears, and understands. After the departure from Avignon he is healed of a bodily illness by her intercession, and is gradually restored in faith. For his besetting mental ailment, which she calls "confusion of mind," she prescribes work while she lives, and at her death leaves a message bidding him become a hermit. The event proved that her spiritual insight did not fail her in divining the cure he needed. In acts of penitence and devotion, in fasting and prayer, wherein, even more than in his active life, he shared the world's struggles and sorrows, he found a constructive faith and final repose.

At a time when there exists in the Anglican Church a strong Romanizing party, when so eminent a scholar as Professor Briggs concedes many of the Roman claims, it is interesting to observe that the chief preoccupation of the author of this novel is to uphold the main contentions of Catholic doctrine and practice. "Woe to the Church," thus she reports one of Neri's reflections after he has entered into the hermit's life—"woe to the Church when such meditations should cease, when the practice of the presence of God should be forgotten by her children." . . . "He and his comrade contemplatives scattered over Christendom were helping to preserve for the whole race its most precious treasure, to transmit to ages unborn the consciousness of the Transcendent God." Again, we are told that "the earth was to him no finality on the one hand, no illusion on the other, but image or sacrament of the Unseen." Compare with this Newman's statement in the first chapter of the "Apologia":

The very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance [that is, the material universe] is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of this conclusion the theory to which I was inclined as a boy, viz., the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution.

In the dialogue, the most difficult part of an historical romance, Miss Scudder has achieved a distinct success. And she has wisely adopted the dramatic rather than the analytic mode of presentation. Her diction, however, is at times decidedly overstrained, especially when she speaks for herself and not through her personages. She has a curious weakness for the archaic use of *him* and *her* as reflexive pronouns, *e. g.*, p. 18, "The part was taken by a boy, who held *him* haughtily." Typographical errors are numerous, especially where Latin and Italian are quoted.

Sketches from Normandy. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Louis Becke is one of the increasing number of writers who have come to literature in middle age or after, by way of an active and even adventurous experience. For many years a trader in the South Seas, at fifty he found himself possessed of a good deal of fresh material, and able to use it effectively in fiction. His breezy, rough-and-ready style is not more journalistic than bookish. It is the style of a good natural talker, who has seen many amusing things in the course of a varied life. He has been called a second Herman Melville; but his flavor is not like that of the author of "Typee"; he is more vivacious, more humorous, less literary. There is an engaging shamelessness in the preface of the present sketches, where he confesses that the grammatical character of the book has been summarily damned by "three clergymen, one barrister, and a lady novelist"; and that therefore he has "thrown himself upon the mercy of his publisher's reader, and has asked him to do his best." That gentleman has, it seems, been wise in not doing his worst; he has had the discretion or the fortune to allow his author certain irregularities which pleasantly distinguish him from the painful bookman. Such a writer is invulnerable because he so cheerfully bares his bosom. Doubtless there is little to be said for these casual and garrulous sketches, except that they are unusually readable.

Needles and Pins. By Justin H. McCarthy. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. McCarthy again takes François Villon as his hero; Louis the Eleventh is cast for the villain, with Oliver le Daim and Tristan in the background, and alternate choruses of starving peasants and arrogant nobles. So far, all is according to history and Quentin Durward. But . . .! Novels of this type, even when manufactured with so admirable a skill as Mr. McCarthy's, are hardly pabulum for adults. It takes Mr. Hewlett's talent to write serious historical novels, and Mr. McCarthy does not in the least resemble Mr. Hewlett. Consequently, what extraordinary confusion will arise in the adolescent mind if, after browsing upon this François, it should later meet Mr. Stevenson's more truthful version! Mr. McCarthy's Villon is married to Katharine de Vaucelles, reincarnated as a remarkably disagreeable heiress of high

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degree. Under every temptation he remains a peerless husband, and ends by reconquering her affection, in spite of frequently talking like an East Side agitator. In fact, Mr. McCarthy presents Villon in the light of a perfectly monogamous Shelley. Apart from this somewhat trying piece of originality, the book has merit—movement, color, and a sufficiently interesting conception of a fifteenth-century conservative finding herself married to a charming poet, with views on the equality of man. It is not, however, a sociological treatise, but a lively story of cloak and sword, decidedly brisker and worthier of consideration than would be divined from its somewhat trivial title.

The Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Not to go behind 1840, the prince or princess of a vague kingdom (the kind defined by Stevenson as bounded by the Grand Duchy of Gérolstein and the seaports of Bohemia) may trace their genealogies somewhat thus—Alfred de Musset, George Meredith's "Harry Richmond," Daudet's "Les Rois en Exile," "Prince Otto," "Majesty," by Louis Couperus, "Her Majesty" (by some one else), Zenda (and dynasty), Henry Harland's enchanting "Players All," Anthony Hope's own brilliant "The King's Mirror." Then came what might be termed universal Zenda-and-water, and now the deluge! By this is meant the whole brewing of inexpressibly childish productions, of which "The Princess Virginia" is a fair specimen. No motors in this, but a manner so glib and facile that it resembles nothing so much as the swift revolutions of a new front wheel, when the salesman turns a bicycle upside down and gives a twirl to prove the smooth perfection of its ball-bearings. There is the same near approach to perpetual motion, and the same lack of arriving. There really must be a close season in princesses, for ten long years, or at least till the present mould is broken, and somebody makes a new one by hand.

The Story of a Pathfinder. By P. Deming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Prefacing a group of sketches which have the reminiscent charm of a generation-old album of photographs, Mr. Deming gives an account of his own career. Born in 1829 in a small New York village, he was lucky enough to discover his bent early in life. As a child he chanced upon a stray pamphlet on stenography, and at once he was "fascinated, snared, and taken." His purpose never wavered until he succeeded in taking satisfactory notes of a legislative debate in Albany, which secured him a regular position. In 1865 he was instrumental in bringing shorthand into the courts, where, up to that time, the records depended upon reports laboriously made out in common writing.

Although written at a much later date, both his stories and preface bear rather the impress of the fifties than of the post-bellum newspaper world. It is the atmosphere of Greeley's Memoirs, with all the mildness and restraint of what might be called the middle Victorian period in American fiction.

Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics. By L. T. Hobhouse. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.

Whether and how ethical conduct and theory have advanced in the world—this is the question discussed by Mr. Hobhouse; the subject, sufficiently large and complicated, is treated by him in a sane and broad way. Ethics, he holds, is the product of man's experience and reflection—a thoroughly human creation; and human morality is as blind and imperfect as man himself. The central point of ethics is the idea of the good; but the good is not a fixed thing, it is constantly changing in practice, and if an ideal is conceived, it is determined by present conditions and is subject to change. The actual moral conduct of men is based on the whole of human character: on sympathy and antipathy, love and hate, self-abnegation and self-assertion—in a word, on all man's diverse and warring instincts and all customs and institutions and forms of social organization. The author begins his discussion by a sketch of the stages of organization, passing from rudimentary forms (as in the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego) to spontaneous growths resting on ties of blood kinship (in clans and tribes), thence to the firmer union controlled by authority (kings), and finally to the conception of citizenship and the modern state; and through those stages he traces the development of the ideas of law and justice, marriage, the position of women, relations between communities (methods of warfare, treatment of prisoners), class relations (slavery, caste, serfdom), property and poverty (provision for the poor). All these points are treated at length, with illustrations from various peoples and periods. The evolution of civilized justice, for example, is followed through early limited punishments, private vengeance, blood feuds—all these without a sense of moral responsibility—to the time when society begins to investigate, at first in a very simple way, and to consider the relation of crime to the public welfare. The fundamental ethical question in this long process is the reconciliation of social duty and personal right, two opposed instincts; and relative harmony is attained only after much clashing and many advances and retrogressions.

The more important part of Mr. Hobhouse's work is the discussion of the growth of ethical theory. While not denying that there may be moral elements in early savage life, he points out that the grounds and sanctions of morality are then almost entirely magical; in a violation of taboo, for instance, the punishment is magically attached to the act; breaches of custom incur the anger of spirits or gods, and punishment is averted by non-moral means. The conception of supernatural sanctions continues into the higher religions, but in them an ideal of character is established, a good ethical standard is reached, the law of love is announced, as in Buddhism and Christianity, self-seeking is repressed, the socially constructive qualities are emphasized; but the self-abnegation of Buddhism and Christianity, as in the Sermon on the Mount, has been set aside by the necessities of society. Monotheism has been ethically effective in unifying the world and identifying God with the good; but, the author adds, it has raised a perplexing problem of evil, and, what is worse, has introduced the morally pernicious antithesis of natural and supernatural. We may note in passing that Hobhouse appears also to refer to monotheism the asceticism that issues from the conception of the antagonism between flesh and spirit. Monotheism, however, is not always accompanied by asceticism—never in purely Semitic religions, Judaism, Arabian Mohammedanism; only in Indian systems, in forms of Mohammedanism in Persia and Africa affected by India; in Christianity; and perhaps in late Egyptian cults. The origin of asceticism is too large a subject to be considered here, but clearly it is not merely a matter of theistic creed. But to return to Mr. Hobhouse's argument: The break of ethical theory with supernaturalism, which, of course, does not mean a break with religion, is traced by him through certain forms of ethical idealism that arise by reflection on experience (Confucius, Mencius), and through the movement of philosophic analysis of the mind and its conceptions (Plato, Aristotle), to the modern view of the law of nature; that is, the recognition of the claims of personality, and "the conception of Mind in Humanity developing towards a conscious realization of its own powers of growth as the central principle of Ethics." The advance of thought to self-knowledge is paralleled in a general way by the advance of the ethical consciousness to the conviction that it has arisen out of the conditions under which mind evolves. As to how far society will accept and be shaped by this view, Mr. Hobhouse, realizing our ignorance of the laws of mental growth, declines to express an opinion. But, he concludes, if this conception of the dominance of mind in human development be true:

> It is the germ of a religion and an ethics which are as far removed from materialism as from the optimistic teleology of the metaphysician or the half-naïve creeds of the churches. It gives a meaning to human effort as neither the pawn of an overruling Providence nor the sport of blind force. It is a message of hope to the world, of suffering lessened and strife assuaged, not by fleeing from reason to the bosom of faith, but by the increasing rational control of things by that collective wisdom, the ἓις ξυνὸς λόγος, which is all that we directly know of the Divine.

The central point of Mr. Hobhouse's exposition, that human ethics, including all customs, rules, institutions, and ideals, is a creation of the human mind, is fully borne out by experience and reflection. It does not exclude the supposition of a divine element in human life; it only assumes that the divine is known only through its manifestations in the world. This view is not new, nor is there much that can be called positively new in these volumes. But the picture given of human ethical progress, the attempt to show the nature of the progress, which is in theory rather than in practice, the conception of humanity as morally self-centred and self-evolving, and the demonstration of the validity of faith in man—these things are brought out with noteworthy lucidity and force. The criticism of customs and of systems of religion and of ethics is generally sound; the part played by the higher religions in supporting moral rules is recognized. The whole dis-

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cussion is marked by good sense, and the careful collection of data will be very useful to the student of ethics.

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

Garibaldi has found eulogists, detractors, and chroniclers by the score, but not until now an historian; his personality was too baffling. In him the Italians of the Risorgimento and their friends in foreign lands could see nothing but the hero; while the few serious historical students who have dealt with him have perhaps deduced too obvious conclusions from the long list of his failures and the inadequacy of his intellectual equipment; as Mr. Trevelyan admits he had the brains of an ox, and often enough showed it. The great merit of this book is that it blends these contrasting aspects into a satisfying historical statement based on careful and minute research, and while a cool critic may think that the note of admiration is at times rather strong, it must also be admitted that the subject is one of great difficulty, and that the author is of the highest competence.

The book divides easily into three parts, and the interest steadily grows, culminating in the last chapters. The early life of Garibaldi, his arrival in Italy during the war of 1848, and the events previous to his reaching Rome in 1849, are first briefly sketched. Then follows a description of the struggle against the French under Oudinot, as to which one general criticism may be urged, that it leaves the reader too much under the impression that the population of Rome was behind Mazzini's republic. There were a few moments of enthusiasm doubtless, but the last struggle was one of a very small body of patriots who were mostly north Italians and foreigners, while the population of Rome was either apathetic or hoping for the success of the French and the return of the Pope. It is in the third part, however, that Mr. Trevelyan is quite at his best, for there the interest is never diverted by political considerations from the human tragedy that haunts the hero's footsteps.

From captured Rome Garibaldi attempted with 4,000 men to fight his way through the peninsula to Venice, where Manin still kept flying the flag of Italian independence. He turned and twisted with guerrilla dexterity through the Apennines as far as S. Marino, where, hemmed in by Austrian columns, his followers laid down their arms. He himself, however, with his wife Anita and a handful of marked men for whom there could be no mercy, made a rush for the coast, seized fishing vessels, and pushed out for Venice. All were caught by the Austrian gunboats or driven ashore, and close to Ravenna Anita Garibaldi died in a sheltering farmhouse. Garibaldi, alone with one follower, escaped, after nearly incredible adventures.

Mr. Trevelyan's work has been so thoroughly done that his details are open to very little criticism. It may be questioned, however, whether the hopeless defence of Rome by the republicans had as great an effect as an example and stimulus for Italian nationalism as is suggested. The waves of patriotism had been lashed into a storm long before the Roman republic was proclaimed, and Cavour's subsequent policy and achievement were not affected by what happened on the Janiculum in the spring of 1849. At page 95 two statements may be queried: that Mazzini would under any circumstances have sent Garibaldi north to help Charles Albert, and that the King of Sardinia denounced the armistice of Salasco for the reasons stated: Charles Albert drew his sword for the Novara campaign for the plain reason that he preferred facing defeat at the hands of Radetzky to a republican revolution at Turin. In several places the statement is made that Louis Napoleon was a Carbonaro; in a strict sense this is highly improbable, and it was always denied by the Emperor and his family. Again, the policy of Louis Napoleon scarcely receives justice, since insufficient allowance is made for the difficulties he labored under in Paris; he was far from a free agent during the first few months of his presidency. Professor Bourgeois's "Rome et Napoleon III.," recently reviewed in our columns, appeared too late doubtless for Mr. Trevelyan to utilize. At page 235 the suggestion that the scaffold was used by the restored Papal Government is altogether misleading; without defending Antonelli's far from admirable administration, one must admit that the scaffold formed no part of his methods. It may also be doubted whether the impression given of the action of the French army of occupation is not unfair; there can be no question but that on the whole Oudinot and the French commanders showed great forbearance and humanity. In the bibliography we miss among capital works the British Parliamentary Papers of 1849 and Helfert's and Gennarelli's accounts of the condition of the Papal States. These blemishes are slight, and as few as one could expect to find in a work of this size. It should be added that the maps are excellent and the illustrations of considerable interest.

One last point remains to be dealt with. The style of the book, although somewhat suggestive of the Meredithian and Swinburnian enthusiasms of half a century ago, is on a very high level. At its best, as in the introductory chapter, it has rhythm, charm, deftness of construction, and elevation. But style of this character, of which emotion of the noblest sort is the inspiration, is difficult to sustain in long-continued historical narrative, if for no better reason than that in the chain of history the golden links are few. It is when he enters into communion with the soul of his hero that Mr. Trevelyan is at his best, and that is to say that he excels at a point where even the greatest historians have failed.

Heinrich Heine: Auch ein Denkmal. Von Adolf Bartels. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

It is a matter of regret that the incentive to Bartels's biographical study should have been the proposal to erect a monument to the poet, for in opposing the movement (now practically crowned with success) the historian, usually discerning, has given free rein to his anti-Semitism, and condemned poet and poetry alike. Inflamed at the committee's declaration, "Every German maiden sings his songs, and yet he has no monument in Germany," Bartels forgets that Hauptmann (whose genius he himself has honored in a special volume) and Haeckel signed the call for funds, and frets because four of the committee of nine are Jews and the fifth is the wife of a Jew. In nearly four hundred pages he continues the flaying begun years ago in his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur." The criticism recalls the appearance of Xanthippus's "Was dünket Euch um Heine?" when, in 1888, an effort was made to provide a monument to the Jewish singer in Germany, except that with Bartels even stronger prejudice pervades every page, from his first regret that the German Government had not compelled Heine to retain his real name, Chajjim Bückeberg, to his closing exhortation, *Los von Heine!—zu Boden mit ihm!* The book presents considerable that is new, but its force lies in the effective summary of Heine's shortcomings, in the vast amount of citations from letters, notes, diaries, stray poems, and newspaper squibs, accusing and convicting the poet of falsehood, immorality, treachery to country and friend, and vanity. It is when Bartels discusses the works of Heine that he runs to greatest excess, and gifted poet and prose writer though he be, he is little likely to gather a following. Unfortunately, as is so often the case with German books, these extensive data are not accompanied by an index.

Beginning with Heine's life, Bartels reviews the various incidents, and finally comes to the conclusion:

Heine never felt as a German, but always as a Jew. When he calls himself a German, it is either comedy or because, as a Jew composing in the German language, he could not and dared not tear asunder the bond that joined him to German culture. Heine's love of country, also, which frequently appears genuine, is not love for the German Fatherland, but really only Jewish family feeling, which is naturally connected with certain memories of place.

Bartels next considers "Heine the Poet and Maker of His Fame," examining his poems and prose in great detail, and discussing his relation to contemporaries. Taking up his promise made in the Introduction that he would show that Heine was neither a great poet nor the greatest lyrist after Goethe, he charges that Heine wrote many of the publisher's announcements of his works, puffing himself inordinately, and that by such widely read verse as

> Ich bin ein deutscher Dichter,
> Bekannt im deutschen Land,

he created a false impression of his real value. As a matter of fact, Bartels continues, Heine often makes gross blunders (*grobe Schnitzer*) in the use of German; and "at heart German is and remains a strange language to Heine, so far as he learns to master it." There is nothing new in his temperament not found already more highly developed in Byron; he does nothing that Goethe, Tieck, Brentano, and others have not done before him; he is not a poet, but a poet-virtuoso, and "of quite a different kind from our great German lyrists." He is a writer who does not owe a general indebtedness to his predecessors and contemporaries, but who appropriates bodily from their wares. The much-praised sonnet to his mother contains human elements, but is no more poetical than many verses

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from mediocre poets. In the "Lorelei" Bartels sees no *lyrischer Kristall*, as do most Germans; he finds the last strophe "quite abominable," and thinks that the idea of a "golden comb" and "golden hair" must appeal especially to a Jew! He praises "Die Grenadiere" and "Belsazer," regarding them, as well as most of Heine's ballads, among the best of his works, but seeing in all of them traces of Herder and the Scottish and English balladists. He places no high value on the "Traumbilder," and thinks that, after all, only as a lyrist is Heine a poet, and that as a lyrist, or rather as a *Liederdichter*, he has reached his highest point, as in "Die Heimkehr." Many of these songs, however, are quite unnatural: "Du schönes Fischermädchen" reminds one of Wilhelm Müller; "Was will die einsame Träne" is "incredibly sentimental and really involuntarily comical"; "Du bist wie eine Blume" has the beauty of simplicity, whereas "Du hast Diamanten und Perlen" is "tolerably amusing, but nevertheless suggestive of Jewish cheek." Whatever Heine's merits as a versifier, Bartels maintains his proposition, "What one is as man, that he is also as poet."

With the proverbial disposition of the German to find the source of everything—if necessary, to dig a well!—Bartels sees in Sterne, Jean Paul, Kerner, Eichendorff, and Washington Irving the *Vorbilder* of the "Harzreise," and regards this work as the "least harmless" of Heine's. The description, however, of the natural scenery is ordinary, and save for the mention of such landmarks as the Brocken, could be as well applied to the Black Forest or Thuringia. "Nordeney" is more prosaic than the "Harzreise," and shows that Heine wished to say something, but had nothing to say. In "Deutschland: Ein Wintermärchen," Heine excels himself in abusing Germany and the Germans. In conclusion, Bartels admits that one cannot expect the Jews to give up Heine, but suggests that if the monument proposed is to be erected, it shall contain the inscription: *Heinrich Heine, Ihrem grossen Dichter und Vorkämpfer, Die deutschen Juden.*

The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 vols. New York: The Dodge Publishing Co. $2.50.

"Few, but those roses"—Meleager's phrase to describe Sappho's poetry—should be the motto of every anthologist, but it must be admitted that a selection of Irish verse made in the spirit of Palgrave's or Quiller-Couch's work could be contained in a very slim volume. Few people realize how brief is the period open to an Irish anthologist. Meleager, when, in the first century B. C., he wove his "Garland" of Greek poets, could ransack nearly seven centuries for the flowers of Greek lyric. Palgrave, for his two volumes in the Golden Treasury Series, and Quiller-Couch for the Oxford Book of English Verse, ranged over six and a half centuries. The earliest poets in the volumes before us date from the close of the eighteenth century, the best of them from the middle of the nineteenth. From one century's work we cannot expect an anthology that would do Ireland justice.

Half a dozen collections of Irish poetry have already appeared, but none so comprehensive as Mr. Welsh's. The best of its predecessors was the "Treasury of Irish Poetry," by Brooke and Rolleston, published seven years ago. It is about half the size of the present work, and has distinct advantages of arrangement, the poets being placed in groups, chronologically. Mr. Welsh has arranged his poets in strictly alphabetical order. This is to ignore the historical interest that should be added to such a miscellaneous collection, and to obscure for the reader the successive phases of Irish poetry. For instance, the poets of the Irish *Nation*, who wrote patriotic verse hostile to England in the 'forties, should be grouped together. Isolated, they and their problems and grievances are almost unintelligible. The poets of Young Ireland, of whom Mr. Yeats is the central figure, are the hope of Irish poetry of the future. The effect of their movement is lost when they are separated by so many names that have little significance now, and will never retain their place by force of merit. At least one-third of the poems collected here are hardly removed from doggerel, or can only be classed with the thinnest of Tom Moore's.

It is to be observed that, while English anthologists do not scruple to include in their collections Irish poets such as Yeats or Goldsmith or Moore, Irish editors, whose need was greater as their field was more restricted, have shown a proper pride in ignoring all poets not of Irish birth. Mr. Welsh would have done well to go further than his predecessors and to resign to English collectors Oscar Wilde, whose five poems included here do not contain a single allusion to Irish interests, while one of them, "Ave Imperatrix," is a whole-hearted panegyric of England, a false note in pages so full of the griefs of the exile and the patriot. In strong contrast are his mother's (Lady Wilde's) passionate laments for Erin and reproaches against England.

The deepest roots of Irish as of Greek poetry are set in the national sagas, and it is from that fountain of legends of

> Things done long ago and ill done,

that Irish poets must in the future draw their inspiration and allusions, if they are to count as more than imitators, like Wilde, of the English poetic tradition. That was perceived first by Ferguson and Mangan in the middle of the last century, and the poets of Young Ireland are but following their example. The pitfall of mysticism has been indicated to them so often by the critics that it will be sheer perversity on the part of Mr. Yeats and his friends if they let the "smoke of their dreams" obscure from all but a few mystics the essential beauty of their vision. Their task is to interpret those great sagas which most of us know so imperfectly, in such verse that they will become the common property of the world instead of being reserved for a few antiquaries and the moribund traditions of the very aged Irish. Homer and the Greek tragedians made out of the dim figures of the heroic saga, Helen, Achilles, Œdipus, and the rest, "forms more real than living man." That is what the poets who adore the Gaelic tradition must do for Cuchullin and Naisi and Deirdre, that Irish Helen whose precise story is still so vague to most educated readers. As it is, their names in beautiful verse give a slight shock as of a barbarism.

Mr. Welsh might have included more translations from the Irish. He omits that wonderful Aran ballad, "The Grief of a Girl's Heart," whose intensity, even in Lady Gregory's prose translation, makes nearly all the love-songs in these volumes seem thin and pale:

> It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods. It was on Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you forever.

Simætha in Theocritus is not more passionate and outspoken. Mr. Welsh should have included also the translation of that "Lament for Ireland," which rises above so much of the Irish poetry of discouragement:

> I do not know of anything under the sky
> That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
> But only the sea that our need brings us to,
> Or the wind that blows to the harbour
> The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
> And there is reason that these are reconciled with us,
> For we increase the sea with our tears,
> And the wandering wind with our sighs.

How different is Irish from English poetic inspiration is shown on every page. England has never needed, like Ireland, and for a time Scotland, to sound the note of defiant grief or display a love of country deepened by a passionate pity for her sorrows. What one misses most in Irish poetry is the true Tyrtæan note. Even the fierce glee over the defeat of the English at Fontenoy, where the Irish fought on the French side—

> On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
> With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won—

is still the brief triumph of the outlawed exile, and the griefs of exile, *dura fugæ*, overpower the strain of victory. That impassioned love of a soil so often thankless, a true *mater severa*, is a thing that even Irish poets have wondered at:

> 'Tis as though her sons for that ungentle mother
> Knew a mother's tenderness, felt a mother's pains.

Ireland may yet have her school of nature poets, but so far the love of country has overpowered the Wordsworthian delight in mere contemplation, just as the most passionate Irish love-songs are addressed, not to individuals, but to Dark Rosaleen, or the Rose of the World, or some other of the figures by which they signify Erin, the true love of all their longings.

Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Why Letters or why Indiscreet is not quite apparent, in spite of the fact that Mr. Weale's story of the Boxer upheaval of 1900 and of the siege of the foreign legations is told in the form of a diary by a supposititious attaché of one of the threatened legations, and contains unpleasant reflections on the wisdom and courage of the leading elder diplomats in face of a tremendous crisis. But after all it is only natural that

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the sudden uprising of a traditionally submissive population should have taken the little European colony in Peking by surprise; that something like panic should have resulted; that the young men should have chafed for instant action while the old men found it difficult to abandon at once the roundabout methods of their trade or to forget at once the suspicions and jealousies which in peaceful times it was their business to foment in the capital of the Celestial Empire. As for the device of a participant in and observer of the siege recording the progress of events from day to day, the reader is quite ready to take it at its worth, or, if Mr. Weale positively insists, to let himself be deceived, in view of the interest and unquestionable truth of a vividly dramatic narrative.

Vivid and remarkably good reading the account is almost throughout, although too often the author or editor strives too patently after his effect. Scenes of horror are after all easy enough to depict, and "color" rises almost spontaneously from the very subject. On the other hand, there are passages of gripping description whose success proceeds from their sincere simplicity. Our diplomat has a sympathetic eye for crowds. His picture of a panic-stricken mob of Chinese non-combatants fleeing from the city at the beginning of hostilities, is stirring. Better still, in fact, the best thing in the book, is the vision of another crowd, which the historian, hidden behind some ruined barricade, watches streaming out of the pink walls of the Forbidden City, when the guns of the relief expedition begin to be heard in the capital. He catches perfectly there the despair of a peace-loving people, which, awakening from a temporary obsession of blood madness, feels the terrible retribution of the white man advancing upon them, and flees without great hope of escape. The spoliation of the city is described with no mincing of words; our diplomat's sympathy for the Chinese is equal to the editor's own, as revealed in other books of his, but it is a healthy sympathy, based on a knowledge of the native character and of its great capacities for good if only Europe knew how to utilize them—which, apparently, in 1900, Europe did not.

Are the Powers any wiser in 1907 than they were in 1900? In the "Truce in the East," Mr. Weale is inclined to believe that they are. The Boxer uprising and the Russo-Japanese war have taught them. The volume is a sequel to the author's well-known "Re-Shaping of the Far East" which appeared a year and a half ago; and, because of the very short period it covers, calls for no extended comment. Its topics are still the subject of frequent discussion in the newspapers, though here treated of course with Mr. Weale's usual authority and directness. The peace between Japan and Russia is a truce and not a peace; the Anglo-Japanese alliance is an artifical, though temporarily useful, arrangement and cannot last; Russia is still unbeaten and, restricted to her true element, the solid land, is bound, with the development of railway power instead of seapower, to become stronger than ever in a short time. The natural guarantee for the preservation of the eqilibrium in the East and of peace in Asia is to be found in the up-building of a new and powerful China. Can it be done? The task is a tremendous one, but new forces tending towards the desired result are already at work in the Middle Kingdom. The government, though sluggishly enough, is moving against the extension of extraterritorial jurisdiction, dallying with the crucial problems of coinage and taxation, and building up an army. Among the people, the "China for the Chinese" movement is strong, a native press flourishes, increasing thousands of students are going abroad, and the foreign concession-hunter is being thrown over in favor of national capital and enterprise. In the absence of some unforeseen cataclysm, China may in a score of years prove no mean emulator of Japan. But Mr. Weale ventures on no definite predictions.

Switzerland and Its People. By Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

The enjoyment of all visiting depends as much on familiarity with the antecedents and quality of the people visited as on the charm of their surroundings. For travellers about to enter Switzerland for the first time, as well as for others who have long sojourned in the "crinkled little corner of Europe," such a want is supplied by this volume of text and pictures. The author, Clarence Rook, loves the "little people squeezed among the mountains" in "the playground of Europe," and he writes so convincingly and with such charm of the wonderful little republic, that the hurried tourist, whose ideas of Switzerland have been formed with his eyes on the mountain tops and his feet in the perfectly appointed hotels, will regard the Swiss with a newly awakened interest after a perusal of this work.

The book is heavy, and a trifle unwieldy, owing to the paper required by the illustrations. But about the text there is nothing heavy. In a style which is both easy and graceful, Mr. Rook introduces his reader to the admirable government and fine characteristics of the sturdy Swiss. He dwells on their patriotism, but does not ignore the fact that as "hosts" to the paying guest they are supreme."

In speaking of the "art of a Government which conceals its art," the writer relates an incident which will appeal to many who know Switzerland. He was dining, he tells us, at a restaurant where he met several of the leading men of a large town. The talk turned upon politics, and the claims of the canton were discussed. "After the argument, one of the foreign guests suggested an appeal to the President. An Englishman, taking his courage in both hands and proclaiming ignorance, asked the name of that President and the question ran round the table, for no one could tell the name of the head of the Government. Finally, a stout burgher was appealed to, but he did not know the name! With admirable tact he called a waiter and put the question. He was the only man in the room who knew the name of the head of the State."

The birth and growth of the Republic, the Completion of the Confederation, the Government of the Swiss, fill four chapters with historical matter. Mr. Rook not only tells of the Swiss celebrities, and there have been many distinguished sons of this small republic, but he also entertains us with accounts of the noted guests who at one time or another made Switzerland their home. The obvious features of a tour in Switzerland are touched upon but lightly; but, with enthusiasm well merited, he dwells upon the winter sunshine and the out-of-door life of the Engadine.

The book is embellished with fifty-five charming colored plates of mountain scenery, painted in winter, spring, and summer by Effie Jardine. There are likewise twenty-four half-tones from photographs taken by G. R. Ballance. Among these latter the upper surface of the clouds seen from the Rochers de Naye, where they hang four thousand feet above Lake Geneva, is an extraordinary reproduction.

The Story of Port Royal. By Ethel Romanes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The reader who turns from discussions concerning the three unities or *vraisemblance* in French tragedy of the seventeenth century to the questions of faith is rewarded by a wealth of material. The writings of Saint François de Sales, the establishment of Congregations like the Oratoire, the efforts of the Jesuits to obtain authority, the struggle of Bossuet and the Gallicans against papal encroachment, his quarrel with Fénelon over Mme. Guyon, the enthusiasts of the Sacred Heart—all these show that the stately age whose literature rejected the *merveilleux chrétien* was teeming with the problems of religion.

Many years ago in his "Port Royal" Sainte-Beuve told in detail the history of the most important of the religious struggles of the age. Everything that could be said was said in that work, the most important single study of the seventeenth century. Mrs. Romanes in her "The Story of Port Royal" has attempted to retell the history of the heroes and heroines of the movement. She is, as her preface states and as the numerous references to contemporary English religious literature testify, one of the Anglican Communion who seeks to multiply the bonds between it and other branches of the universal Catholic Church. The Port Royalists, she feels, were unjustly persecuted as heretics, they are wrongly compared to the Calvinists. Her interests plainly incline her to sympathy for the contemplative life of prayer, which the *solitaires* of Port Royal exemplified, and of which Little Gidding suggests itself as an English parallel. She is therefore naturally led to pass over the technicalities of the strife between Jesuits and Jansenists on efficacious and sufficient grace, and to concentrate her attention on the heroes and martyrs she sees among the Arnauds, the Lemaîtres, the Pascals, and on the dramatic incidents of the *journée du guichet*, or the miracle of the Holy Thorn. The non-technical parts of Sainte-Beuve's work are retold in a spirit of sympathy by one who would perhaps be scarcely fitted to cope with the "Augustinus" or the five propositions, but who has done her own judging in matters wherein her interests lie. Yet we cannot but feel that her conclusions are sometimes over-benevolent and fail to represent the intolerance and sometimes the insincerity of the Jansenists, with whom the name of Port Royal must be bound.

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It is to be regretted that Mrs. Romanes did not submit her manuscript to somebody competent to correct her French. "Saint Beuve" is perhaps too frequent in English for the reviewer to take offence at it, and "Forgazzaro" introduces one to another language; but other proper names appear in the variety and incoherence with which, apparently, Shakespeare wrote his autograph. The author is utterly unable to localize an accent, and when she speaks of Pascal's "Nouveaux Expériences" or quotes the sub-title of the Port Royal Logic as "plusieurs observations nouveaux propre à former le jugement," the effect is painful.

The Mirror of the Times: Mir'ât az-Zamân. Edited in facsimile, with Introduction, by J. R. Jewett. University of Chicago Press.

American scholars have so long been wont to think of the great libraries of Europe as the sole repositories of the ancient manuscripts, classical and Oriental, that it is with nothing less than a shock of delighted surprise that we receive from the University of Chicago Press Prof. James Richard Jewett's magnificent facsimile reproduction of manuscript No. 136 of the Landberg collection of Arabic manuscripts belonging to Yale. It may well be a source of profound satisfaction to Morris K. Jesup of this city, to whose enlightened generosity Yale owes this superb collection, to know that his gift has so speedily borne fruit.

The manuscript is the "Mir'ât az-Zamân" or "Mirror of the Times," by Sibt ibn al-Jauzî, and is an annalistic record of the period from 1101 A. D. to 1257, the year of the author's death, or, roughly, the period of the Crusades. Since the author was born in 1186 A. D., it is clear that this is in large measure a contemporaneous record of events, and that the earliest of them antedates the author's birth by only eighty-five years. Moreover, it is expressly stated in the colophon that the copying of this very manuscript was finished January 9, 1892, that is, only 135 years after its author completed the original. Truly, then, this "Mirror" brings us face to face with the "Times." And what times they are! They begin with the year of the Hejira 495, less than a year after the coronation of Baldwin as King of Jerusalem, and include the "period of the growth of the crusading states, the development of the power of Nûr ad-Dîn, the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, and all the events which followed that terrible blow to the Christian power," even to the sixth Crusade and the sailing for home (in 1254) of St. Louis. The author was brought up in Bagdad, his birthplace, by his mother's father, the celebrated scholar and historian, Ibn al-Jauzi. His work, then, should prove of first-rate importance as affording an intelligent view of the Moslem side of the story of the conflicts of that most fascinating period of mediæval history.

Contrary to common opinion, the work of reading the proofs for a facsimile reproduction is an onerous matter. We congratulate Professor Jewett upon the general success of his undertaking, and cannot refrain from publicly urging upon him the duty of giving us an English version of the "Mirror." The book is dedicated to Theodor Nöldeke of Strassburg. In commenting recently upon the fact that a work upon the Vedas by the Oxford professor of Sanskrit had just been published by Harvard University, Nöldeke remarked: "That is a sign of the times." We can easily imagine that he will repeat that comment when he receives this gift from his old pupil Jewett.

Science.

Nature's Own Gardens. Written and illustrated in color and line by Maud U. Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Miss Clarke prefaces her handsome volume with a quotation from Richard Jefferies: "I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, etc.," and her work might be described as a gossiping account of the wild plants that have formed the burden of English song and nature writing from the days when Chaucer wrote of "these floures white and rede Suche as men callen daysyes" to Kipling's "Buy my English posies." Her record is partly scientific, partly picturesque, partly literary, partly sentimental. It is divided into chapters by the months, and reads as if it had been composed from journals kept for a number of years, which were now, so to speak, melted together and the slag removed.

Her garden is that of the poets as well as of botany, and the pages may be recommended particularly to those who know the names and characters of English flowers from books, but are unfamiliar with them in their actual homes. Such a reader, having in mind, let us say, Wordsworth's "stir" over the small celandine, but not familiar with the plant in its British haunts, will find a peculiar interest and profit in the pages here that tell about the little flower and its ways:

From quite a long time ago, the thought of February always involved the thought of a Celandine, *Ranunculus ficaria*, or Lesser Celandine. Not the bitterly cold February with snow and wicked winds and much frost, but a thawing February, when the ruts grew soft again in the lanes, and beads of moisture hung on all the Blackthorn points on the hedges. . . . The petals of the Lesser Celandine are slightly variable, eight an average number, whereas those of the Greater Celandine do not vary from the four pale yellow ones that characterize the flower. I have seen it looking certainly effective growing out of a mossy stone wall that formed a cottage boundary. The foliage is a very charming gray-green and handsome in shape, often giving the plant an imposing height of eighteen inches or more. . . . I saw it this Spring in such a spot, a shining golden stream of litle star flowers that flashed the sunlight from all their glistening points most brilliantly. The "stream" ran round a little hayrick that stood at the bottom of a meadow. Now Celandines like moisture at the root, and sunshine for their faces, and the draining of the land gave them the one, and they took care to grow the southwest side of the rick and claim the other on every day the sun shone. The colony spread on beyond the rick, under a tall, jagged hedge, massing up the sides of the bank or lying mud-stained near the water runnel at the base. The petal of the Celandine has a curious way of whitening as the flower fades, as if the little crown were after all not gold, but silver-gilt.

Such is the manner of the book, personal in tone, colloquial, not always quite exact in the use of language, but fairly entertaining in the mass. The pictures are attractive, and in some cases almost make one see the flower growing in its home. Others, it must be said, are decidedly messy, as are so many of the recent color-plates that aim at impressionistic effect. One sees only a blur of colors.

In connection with the Museum of the Natural Sciences in La Plata, the Argentine Republic has established a faculty which is to devote special attention to research work in anthropology. The head of both the museum and the faculty is the professor of linguistics, Dr. S. Lafone-Quevedo. The chair of anthropology is in charge of Prof. R. Lehmann-Ritsche, that of ethnography is given to Professor Outos, and that of archæology to Professor Torrez.

The death is announced of Dr. M. T. Masters, the distinguished editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, with which magazine he had been associated for forty-one years. He was born in 1833, the son of Alderman Masters, who was an intellectual nurseryman at Canterbury. Dr. Masters wrote a great deal for the *Gardeners' Chronicle* and for the Proceedings and Journals of the Linnæan Society. His best-known book is "Vegetable Teratology."

Drama and Music.

"The Truth" (The Macmillan Company) is the latest of Clyde Fitch's plays to be produced in printed form. It was acted and reviewed so recently in this city that it may be dismissed now with but brief notice. A careful re-reading of it furnishes no reason for modifying the opinion originally expressed that the cleverness of the general idea underlying it, and of the mechanical construction—with its smoothness of action and ingenuity of effective incident—count for little in comparison with its trickiness, its extravagance, and its utter conventionality. Becky Warder's purposeless lies are in no way characteristic, but are simply transparent devices for the production of certain situations preliminary to the final domestic quarrel and the preordained reconciliation. As in so many other of Mr. Fitch's plays, character is moulded to fit the exigencies of theatrical incident, and this fact stands out more clearly in type than it did in the stage representation. The dialogue is smartly, compactly, and naturally written, and, as a rule, lends itself readily to conversational utterance. Of solid literary quality it has very little. Occasionally there is a sentence that glitters, but so does tinsel. That is why so much of this cheap stuff is used in the theatre.

Olga Nethersole is to produce an English version of Paul Hervieu's play, "The Awakening," in the Astor Theatre next January. Later on she is to appear in the original piece, with a French cast, at the Théâtre Bernhardt in Paris.

Charles Fry's performance in London of such parts of "Troilus and Cressida" as could be made tolerable to a modern English audience does not seem to have attained more than a success of curiosity. This was one of the few Shakespearean pieces which Phelps himself did not venture to attempt at Sadler's Wells. For Mr. Fry there was, of course, a special audi-

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ence, but apparently he did not succeed in exciting much enthusiasm.

Laurence Irving is about to undertake the responsibilities of management by producing at the Coronet Theatre, in London, on the evening of Monday, June 24, an English version of M. Brieux's "Les Hannetons," which he will call "The Incubus." The play, when produced for a private performance by the Stage Society, had a very favorable reception.

Catulle Mendès has been talking about his project for the establishment of an open-air theatre in the forest of Saint-Germain, where he owns a country seat. He has had the scheme in his mind for a long time, but took no active steps towards its realization, fearing opposition from the municipality. Discovering, however, that the forest belonged, not to the municipality, but to the state, he sought and obtained the requisite permission. The model which he proposes to imitate is an open-air theatre in which Goethe produced some of his plays at Weimar. It is to seat 2,700 spectators, and to be covered over in wet weather. The first production will probably be Musset's "La Coupe et les lèvres," and after that some of the younger dramatists with whose work M. Mendès sympathizes will have their chance.

Complaints are often made that first-class musical entertainments are not well attended. Yet great progress has been made in the last seven or eight decades. Compare, for instance, the crowded audiences at the Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts with the state of affairs in Vienna in Beethoven's time as described by Franz Fridberg:

Beethoven was during thirty years the centre of the musical life in Vienna; here he created his monumental works. But when, near the close of his career, he produced his latest and most glorious creation, the Ninth Symphony, with a large orchestra and chorus and four first-class soloists, the audience was a very small one. We must bear in mind the date. In Beethoven's day, and in the early period of Mendelssohn, there was as yet no real concert public; such a public was formed gradually, after the twenties, and even then, it gave its attention chiefly to the celebrated performers, while classical concerts were then and for many years more shunned. When Nicolai founded the Philharmonic concerts in the forties, he was compelled after a few winters to abandon the enterprise because of insufficient support.

Ferruccio Busoni has accepted the place of director of the Masterschool for Pianists in Vienna, formerly held by Emil Sauer. He has also just issued a book containing, among other things, a number of aphorisms on musical æsthetics.

Gustav Mahler is to be succeeded by Felix Mottl as director of the Hofoper, Vienna.

Alphorns are now used in Switzerland, chiefly to gratify the curiosity of tourists and occasionally for signalling purposes. In former centuries they were also used in church music, as accompaniment to choral singing, especially at Advent and on Christmas night.

The remains of Joseph Haydn are to be transferred from Eisenstadt to Vienna. They will there be placed in the central cemetery between Beethoven and Schubert, with a proper monument.

The German Emperor has contributed $2,000 to the fund for the preservation of the house in Eisenach in which Bach was born.

Art.

THE UMBRIAN EXHIBITION AT PERUGIA.

FLORENCE, May 21.

The Exhibition of Ancient Umbrian Art, to give it once for all its full style, is most attractively displayed in the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia and does great credit to its organizers. The arrangement in general is strictly geographical, but there has been no rigid segregation by material. Paintings, invariably well lighted and agreeably spaced, are in nearly every room, but in every case there are also smaller exhibits of embroideries, stuffs, metal work, or illuminated manuscripts. These are never large enough to be distracting, serving rather as a rest or diversion from the main quest. If the mural restorations of the Palace are at times uncomfortably garish, this is no fault of the organizers. In general, they have manifested the most fastidious taste, and the show seems quite ideally installed. At any rate, being a large exhibition, it is seen without fatigue, and repeated visits only confirm the sense that the committee has very ably put its best foot forward. It is the only one of four recent regional exhibitions which has been ready on the day of opening. The Upper Tiber valley, too, is now quite at its best, and the exhibition adds a powerful reason for omitting from an Italian trip any other small city rather than Perugia. Mornings and evenings one may observe from the walls those tender gradations from full green through gray to the blue hills and the pale strip of sky between the terrestrial and celestial blue, that we love in the background of Perugino.

The exhibition, or, as we may more idiomatically call it, the Mostra, may be considered from a broader or from a narrower point of view—as a display of what Mediæval and Renaissance Umbria possessed in works of art, or, again, as a representation of what she produced. If the organizers had taken the more exclusive attitude, they would have greatly diminished the interest and significance of the show. In fact, it is a little disquieting to find that one's mind returns not to the strictly Umbrian display, but to certain exhibits which are either not at all or only partially indigenous. There is perhaps no single object that compares in beauty with that marvellous fourteenth-century bishop's crook in silver gilt, from Città di Castello, which is shown in the Cabinetto della Torre. Only study the crocketing, the architectural forms, the two bands of enamel in lapis and emerald, the eager angel with arms raised to support the crook, the imploring bishop before the Virgin and Child within the loop—the figures as spirited as they are exquisite, and you will realize this bit of silversmithing is in a manner an epitome of Gothic art at its best. But can we believe that an Umbrian smith created this marvel, so near the style of Nino Pisano? Nothing among the surely Umbrian metal work permits such a supposition. We have presumably to do with a Florentine work of the highest quality. As much may be said of the delicious ivory Virgin from the Sacred Convent at Assisi. It must be reckoned as one of the finest, as it is also one of the largest figurines of its type, but surely Pisa or Florence again is to be credited with its making. The numerous and fine textiles tell much the same story. The cut velvets have come from or at least through Genoa, the brocades are French or Venetian. The single notable piece of large sculpture, the tinted St. Sebastian boldly cut in wood, which is shown in the Niccolo Alunno room, seems to be the work of some wandering artist from the Marches who had learned his trade at Padua or Ferrara. Again the splendid silverlight altar front from the Cathedral of Città di Castello—a remarkably vivacious combination of the late Byzantine and incipient native sculpture—is of pure Florentine workmanship. It is dated in the twelfth century, but belongs to that ambiguous class which might be of considerably later time. In short, the more severely one narrows his observations to truly Umbrian matters, the more inconsequential the show seems. We hasten to add that it has also a peculiar and undeniable charm the analysis of which will occupy us later.

But the organizers of the Mostra have been wise in adopting a merely geographical criterion. Any other course would have been foolish, for the very good reason that, except as a figment of art history, no such thing as an Umbrian school has existed since Etruscan times. There have been non-Umbrian artists who worked for Umbrian clients, there have been provincial schools at Fabriano, Gubbio, Camerino, Foligno, Perugia, etc., the artists of which were usually sedulous imitators of the painters of Siena and the Marca, but an Umbrian school, in the sense that there is one of Florence, Siena, Venice, or Lombardy, there has never been and never could be. The artistic product has been as diverse as the political vicissitudes of the region. There was nowhere the seriousness or artistic self-consciousness that at Florence kept painting in one arduous ascent towards technical perfection, and at Siena caused a tenacious loyalty to the local tradition, together with a constant attempt to refine upon it. In Umbria no such divine discontent, no such single-minded fealty to a local ideal. Everywhere placid, mediocre craftsmen glad to repeat the approved sentimentalities without change, but equally ready to borrow when the wind blew that way, a leaf from the Sienese, Florentine, or Marchian book, such borrowings being usually made in externals without grasping the spirit of the prototype. When she produced a great artist, as she surely did in Piero della Francesca, Perugino, and Signorelli, Umbria did not know how to support him. Piero and Signorelli virtually became Florentines, and Umbria preserves little of their work. Even Perugino, perhaps the single artist of the first rank whose quality is specifically Umbrian, learned much from Tuscany and found the best market for his talent at Florence. In short, Umbria neither knew how to produce great artists nor yet how to keep the few that Providence vouchsafed her in the face of discouraging circumstances. Without some such ungracious appeal to histori-

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cal fact, no proper estimate of the pictures of the so-called Umbrian school here brought together is possible, and much of the invidiousness of these reservations disappears when one notes how thoroughly charming the display is after all.

These Alegretto Nuzis, Matteo da Gualdos, Ottaviano Nellis, Niccolo Alunnos, and the rest were not merely backward, but almost unteachable. Indeed, no one fact more distinctly marks the ultraprovincial quality of the school than its entire incapacity to profit by the splendid examples of Italian art that gradually enriched the Umbrian territory. At Perugia itself, Arnolfo and the Pisani, in the superb fountain before the Cathedral, daily witnessed to the revival of Italian art, and the lesson was wholly vain. At Assisi were collected scores of masterpieces of the Roman, Florentine, and Sienese schools of painting, and for nearly 200 years the Umbrian artists continued to paint as if Giotto had never existed. And when they did reach out they imitated the wrong things. We find Niccolo Alunno, beginning with a delightful variation upon the painting of the Marca, ending with an anxious and unskilful imitation of the most reactionary painter of the period, Carlo Crivelli. And after the great apparition that we call Perugino, involving in a manner the creation of landscape as an art, for a hundred years the Umbrians contentedly mimicked his trivialities, the accidental and unorganic traits of his large achievement. It is evident that only the proverbial surgical operation could effect the entrance of ideas into the artistic Umbrian head.

But ideas never interested them: they dealt in sentiments. And here we approach the solution of our paradox—How can anything so inconsequential as this show be so wholly charming? First of all, its unpretentiousness constitutes a charm. There is no tax upon the visitor. If one excepts Signorelli's St. Sebastian and the Pietà of his school, the lovely Gentile da Fabriano lent by the Museum at Pisa, the Perugino Predella from Città di Castello, nothing requires much of the visitor in the way of understanding and appreciation. One rarely has to make the expenditure of concentrated attention necessary to fix a great impression of art. On the contrary, all the pictures without any pretence of mastery joyously repeat the theme of the graciousness of the Virgin Mother, the winsomeness of the Christ Child, the glamour of adolescence in youthful saints and martyrs, the sweet dignity of old age in bishops and confessors. It is notable that narrative subjects are almost wholly absent. In the Franciscan legend Umbria produced the masterpiece of mediæval story-telling, but never an artist who was capable of realizing it worthily on panel or wall. I do not forget Matteo da Gualdo in an Assisan oratory, nor yet Benedetto Bonfigli in the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia, but in general these engaging Umbrians seem incapable of the very moderate inventiveness displayed, say, by those minor craftsmen who painted the fronts of Florentine bride chests. And yet our Umbrians, in spite or perhaps because of technical mediocrity, have the grace of childlikeness of an art wholly ingenuous and popular, untouched by theory of any sort, and unspoiled by aristocratic or worldly patronage. In a hundred pictures one may verify the charm of the roadside songs of Italy. As in these *stornelli* and *strambotti* the poetic vein is tenuous and the melody slight and unoriginal, but there it is, authentic, appealing, and infinitely refreshing.

While ruminating on this sweet unreasonableness which characterizes all Umbrian art, good fortune brought me to Assisi and to a great scholar, who has studied his Umbria as no other living man. He assured me that in this devotion to reverie unsupported by reflection or technical accomplishment one might note the Umbrian foible or virtue of humility. The patrons of the region thought slightly enough of the local artists. When a great commission was in hand at Spoleto, for example, they sent for the Florentine Fra Filippo. And similarly the Umbrian artists thought very humbly of themselves. When they had gained skill to present the wistfulness of the Madonna, that sufficed. Ambition, the peculiar pride that usually sustains the artist, was singularly lacking. If they touched the heart by the sincerity of their own emotion and flattered the eye by the naïve use of fresh color, that was enough. The passion for perfection which one finds in almost every other school of Italy never penetrated apparently to the land of St. Francis. These painters, excepting always the great and sordid Perugino, were *poverelli* who produced blithely and without thought for the morrow.

With this key it seems one may indeed unlock the Umbrian heart. And as one passes from hall to hall in the Perugian palace one will see everywhere the indications of a contentment which from the point of view of art one can only regard as sweetly unreasonable, yet which is most enjoyable to one who wisely takes this art simply for what it is. Take the Byzantine Madonna in Hall I. For the stories on the wings the painter has been content to copy some much earlier Byzantine manuscript. In the false and clumsy delineation of the muscles he attaches himself to some barbaric painter, presumably Margaritone da Arezzo. He is a complete reactionary, for the cusped Gothic form of the panel points not to the thirteenth century, with the catalogue, but to the early fourteenth. And yet, as regards sentiment, how perfectly he has realized the then comparatively new type of the affectionate Madonna. The child clasps its mother's neck vehemently. The panel is conceived, in spite of its archaism, in the spirit of the later Sienese. Everywhere we shall find such surprising anticipations. In the neighboring room devoted to the Fabriano school, one may note a Virgin and Child by Francescuccio di Cicco. It bears the date of 1359, and the background is completely repainted. But the Madonna has a shy grace, a wholly personal quality, that carries us forward to the Quattrocento and Gentile da Fabriano. In other words, these Umbrians have after all something that places them in advance of their times, and (had their technical skill answered to their originality of feeling) might have given them universal value, namely, an intimate attitude towards their subjects, a desire to present them in their emotional sincerity and simplicity. They are at once the most backward and the most modern of the early Italian painters.

It is in this delightful low vaulted room containing the pictures of the Fabriano school that one may best grasp the significance of the exhibition. Here is the wonderful Gentile from Pisa, which shows what could be done when a master of this school was artistically quickened by contact with the main current of Italian painting. We may remark in passing that the inconsequential panel which hangs beside it protests against its ambitious attribution to Gentile. Here is the Trecentist, Alegretto Nuzi, to show us how winning and how superficial is this art in its average manifestations. He imitates Simone Memmi, when it is not Ambrogio Lorenzetti. He hardly falls below the spirituality of his Sienese exemplars. His color is a delight. But examine his pictures closely and see how he shirks all the problems in which the Sienese delighted. In the drawing of hair he remains heavy handed. If he has a brocade to paint he spreads the pattern flat across his spineless figures instead of searching lovingly the response of the pattern to the folds.

Or go to the *clou* of the exhibition, the hall in which no less than nine altarpieces by Niccolo Alunno are gathered, and there eliminate the pictures and study the frames. Recall what a solid architectural construction a fine Florentine and Venetian ancona is, and then look at these flimsy tabernacles in which Niccolo sets his wobbling saints. It is all painfully *inachevé*.

One could heartily wish it all back in the churches where its sentiment would count. We hasten to add that students of the Quattrocento will be grateful to the organizers of the Mostra, and to the cities, particularly Foligno, that have lent their treasures. Here is Alunno's earliest signed work, 1462, and perhaps his best, a Madonna with Angels and Saints Francis and Bernardino. It is spread on a generous panel in the Marchian style, and displays above a quivering glory of swallowlike angels' wings. One feels that in the later anconas the compartments are so many straitjackets. They promise a monumental quality which Niccolo never had to give. But at least we may study his entire development in this single room, and if he issues diminished from the survey, he emerges also defined. There were in him velleities of a charming realism, and had he dared to be himself we might have drawn from him, as well as from Bonfigli, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and Perugino, our ideal conception of the youth of Renaissance Umbria.

The grim Umbria of the Baglioni appears just once, in Signorelli's Saint Sebastian from Città di Castello. It divulges a whole side of life that the art of the region has sedulously ignored. The saint rises high before a peaceful river valley, while the executioners string their crossbows or launch their bolts with professional zest. High on a cliff to the left is the Arch of Constantine. On a crag to the right over a town is a ruin resembling the Colosseum. A street ascends sharply into the city, and down the road men at arms and an angry throng, in miniature, drag and push the pinioned saint towards the stake. Behind the place of execution knights are tilting. The color is pale, mostly slates and grays, and if this picture were not seriously accredited one would suspect the hand of that extraordinary Signorelli follower who did the Crucifixion of the Accademia, Florence. One can hardly imagine anything at once more documentary and more noble than

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this Saint Sebastian. With it one comes back to what we mean by Renaissance painting as one of the finer products of the human intelligence.

Almost as much may be said for the splendid Pietà of Signorelli's school, one of the few real "finds" at the show, which has been unearthed from a private collection. It is an extraordinarily tragic and imaginative picture whose author one would gladly know. Undoubtedly it will be put provisionally into that convenient waste-basket entitled Bartolommeo della Gatta, but it has no convincing analogies with his assured work.

In general, few new pictures have come to light, and the task of an attribution monger will be perfunctory. Among the Perugino school pieces there is some sorting out and redistribution to be done, if the game seems worth the candle.

Among the high pleasures of the Mostra must be reckoned the Perugino predella, from the Church of Santa Maria Nuova at Fano. It is, to begin with, in its original condition, barring a little darkening, and it presents the great landscapist in a delightful unofficial vein. With the great Signorelli, it is the only picture that much enlarges the sum of impressions gained from the Perugian Pinacoteca, which, in passing, has been enlarged, rearranged, and relabelled for the nonce.

A wise visitor will give much time to this permanent exhibit, and perhaps will devote more attention at the Mostra to the embroideries and metal work than to the pictures. In these matters I am inexpert, but anybody can see the beauty of the enamelled chalices belonging to the commune of Perugia, and I can imagine the ecclesiastical embroideries which abound arousing the enthusiasm of the knowing. One may note particularly that needlework in pale blue linen on white, which curiously recalls our own colonial bedcovers. Of wholly extraordinary personal and artistic value are the cerements of St. Francis, presumably used for the transportation of his body to the Basilica in 1230. Waving stripes are picked out by the needle in lapis blue and gold, upon a ground of that crimson which is really the Imperial purple. One may be sure, too, that it is the pious work of Umbrian hands. If we had a scrap as large as this page we should regard it as infinitely precious, and here are four metres of it. As for the grave-clothes of Benedict XI., dating from 1304, many fine textiles are here presented, but only in the case of the embroidery can one have any confidence that the work is Umbrian.

I have perforce omitted much of interest—a small but welcome collection of the potteries of Gubbio and Deruta, the early Pintorricchios (one unfinished), from Spello, and that remarkable Perugino banner, virtually a cartoon, of Christ bearing the Cross, which has been, it seems to me, erroneously, attributed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. The very important display of illuminated manuscripts of the Umbrian school does not lend itself to treatment in a letter, even if I had the necessary competence. It seems really of greater consequence than the pictures, and I may note that in the Niccolo Alunno room is a miniature signed by that new favorite of the connoisseurs Caporali, to whom apparently what is not Fiorenzo di Lorenzo is now to be relegated. Finally, the collection of Plague banners, mostly from Perugian churches, is of cultural interest. In most cases the Virgin or St. Sebastian intercedes with an angry Christ. Below are The Scythe-bearing Death, as a symbol of the Plague, and heaps of corpses beside a quite recognizable Perugia. These banners were carried during the epidemics that raged in the second half of the Quattrocento. In the same spirit, only a few years ago, the inhabitants of Torre del Greco paraded the Virgin in time of eruption, and Vesuvius, like the pestilence, promptly subsided.

M.

Finance.

THE "JULY DISBURSEMENTS."

As the end of June approaches, each year, discussion invariably recurs on the financial markets as to what will be the effect of the mid-year disbursement of interest and coupon money. That this incident in the year's finance is by no means a negligible factor, may be judged from the advertisements by Wall Street banking houses. Ordinarily, at this season, these bankers announce in much detail, and with much display, the special attractions which they are offering to investors. One year it may be long-term bonds; another year (as in 1899) stocks of new industrial companies; in still another, as at present, railway notes with a high rate of interest. There is fashion in investment securities as well as in dress goods and millinery. Just now, railway stocks appear to be out of vogue; last winter's markets are responsible for that. Some time, no doubt, they will come into fashion again, and then we shall see them offered with the same enthusiasm in the bankers' advertisements at the end of June.

Nor are these July disbursements without actual and considerable influence on financial prices. It is roughly estimated that the interest and dividend payments which fall due in this country around July 1 foot up $150,000,000. Except possibly for the January period, this is the largest of the "coupon days." Habit leads to the very general fixing of such payments, whether quarterly or half-yearly, to begin with the beginning of the year, and July thus receives its share of the disbursements on either basis. The $150,000,000 estimate covers only payments made on Government, State, and city loans, and on securities of well-known corporations; the actual sum distributed to investors would be larger by the amount that is paid at that time on mortgages of various sorts, and on shares of small companies. The fundamental fact, however, is that something like the above amount of capital will be placed in investors' hands not far from July 1; from which the deduction is naturally made that, since these investors had already selected Stock Exchange securities as the repository of their previous stores of capital, they will place in similar securities at least a part of the new capital. In a year of active markets and of general prosperity, such a movement frequently has the effect of raising Stock Exchange prices.

Such expectations are occasionally disappointed; they are expressed somewhat doubtfully this year, and the result cannot fail to be more than usually interesting. With the mass of new securities pressing for sale, and the forced liquidation by unlucky speculators, the movement would be particularly welcome. It is sometimes asked how the "July demand" can fail to materialize, since the fact of the sudden pouring of this new fund into investors' laps is conceded. To explain the seeming inconsistency, the habits of the thrifty members of the community, large capitalists and small, must be examined. Taking the community as a whole, money received from the "July disbursements" will be used, in the main, in four different ways—to make new expenditures, to pay off old debts, to enlarge the capital used in a private business, or to put back into investments. The part reinvested will doubtless be the largest, but it will not go exclusively into Stock Exchange securities. A very considerable portion of it will be put out at loan on real estate mortgages; always a favorite investment of small capitalists, especially at times when, as at present, building operations are very general and the rate of interest on such loans inviting.

It will thus be seen that the Stock Exchange cannot reckon with assurance on the greater part of the $150,000,000. It has been the familiar explanation of the so-called "scarcity of capital," this year, that demand for its use in other directions than the Wall Street money or investment market has been almost unprecedentedly great, and this affects the recipient of a thousand dollars in "July coupon money" quite as much as the recipient of a hundred thousand. The rate of interest offered this month by all sorts of borrowers is an evidence of this; even the New York savings banks, barely one-third of which declared last July as high a rate as 4 per cent. to depositors, will probably all pay as much next month. The trust companies have very generally marked up their rate on current deposit accounts. All such institutions benefit by the higher average yield on their own investments, and can accordingly do better by the people whose money they use. But this general raising of the bid for money, outside of Wall Street, has the natural result of diverting the $150,000,000 from the Stock Exchange.

To these considerations, so far as regards the influence of the "July disbursements" on the stock market, must be added the important influence of wealthy capitalists who anticipate their interest and dividends. A millionaire who knows what will come to him from his investment holdings, on July 1, will not always wait until July to reinvest it. If stocks and bonds are offered at low prices on the market during June, or even in the early spring-time, it is easy for such a capitalist to borrow the requisite purchase-money from his bank, and pay off the loan the ensuing month, with his "July dividends." The probability is that, in this period of anticipating and "discounting" everything, our largest capitalists have adopted this plan on such a scale that the bulk of the July money was frequently reinvested, and sometimes most unwisely, before it was received. Mental allowance for this probability is no doubt made when Wall Street

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questions the influence of this year's July disbursements in advancing prices.

Still, the release of this great mass of capital into the market cannot be wholly without result. If it accomplishes nothing else, it should at least relieve the strain on credit through the use of the new resources to pay off debt. It may do much more than this. In 1903, the July interest day arrived at the climax of Wall Street's "rich men's panic." The release of capital seemed to have no effect on the flood of forced liquidation; investment prices continued to go down, until August. When recovery then began, however, it was quick and sharp, and the Stock Exchange soon realized that the blackest days of the July panic were the very days when investors were cautiously reinvesting their July dividends.

Railway Problems (Ginn & Co.) is the fifth volume in a series prepared under the direction of Prof. W. Z. Ripley, who himself edits the present work. Like its predecessors, it is a collection of reprints of articles and decisions, intended primarily to serve as a "case-book" for class use with students of the railway problem. But it is more than this. The selections have been so carefully made, and so well arranged from both the historical and logical point of view, that they furnish by far the most informing body of material available to any one interested in this absorbing question. The historical portion is happily introduced by an excerpt from Charles Francis Adams's classic, "A Chapter of Erie," which is followed by Ida Tarbell's discussion of Standard Oil Rebates. The unique feature is the introduction of a considerable number of Interstate Commerce Commission decisions with illustrative maps, that cover the important principles of their rate decisions, abridged with a view to a ready comprehension of their significant features and to an emphasis of the economic rather than the legal points involved. The new Interstate Commerce Act has a chapter, and foreign railways receive consideration. The book is superior in arrangement and comprehensiveness to the previous collection which Professor Ripley edited, entitled "Trusts, Pools, and Corporations," and is a distinct addition to usable literature on transportation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boigne, Memoirs of the Comtesse de. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Carpenter, Frank G. Foods. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Clark, Mary Mead. A Corner in India. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.
Crawford, John J. Bank Directors. Bankers Publishing Co.
Goodell, Charles L. Pathways to the Best. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Diefendorf, A. Ross. Clinical Psychiatry. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.
Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Scribners. $1.50.
Hadley, Arthur Twining. Standards of Public Morality. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Harcourt, L. W. Vernon. His Grace the Steward and Trial of Peers. Longmans. $5 net.
Heming, Arthur. Spirit Lake. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Herrick, Glenn W. A Text-Book in General Zoology. American Book Co. $1.20.
Hugo, Intellectual Autobiography of Victor. Translated by Lorenz O'Rourke. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Ibsen's Works. Vol. X: Hedda Gabler.—The Master Builder. Scribners. $1.
James, William. Pragmatism. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Lipsius, Justus. A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries. Translated by John C. Dana. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lovett, Robert W. Lateral Curvature of the Spine and Round Shoulders. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1.75 net.
MacCurdy, Hansford. Selection and Cross-breeding in Relation to the Inheritance of Coat-pigments and Coat-patterns in Rats and Guinea-Pigs. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Malone Society Reprints. The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist.—The Battle of Alcazar.—History of Orlando Furioso.—Interlude of Wealth and Health.
Muzzey, David Saville. A Beginner's Book in Latin. Longmans. $1.
Naudé, Gabriel. News from France. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Nordau, Max. A Question of Honor. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Oldmeadow, Ernest. Susan. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.50.
Orczy, Baroness. The Gates of Kamt. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Plato's Apology and Crito. Edited by Isaac Flagg. American Book Co. $1.40.
Reissig, Carl, and Jelliffe, Smith Ely. The Standard Family Physician. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Report of the Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the American Bar Association held at St. Paul, Minn. Philadelphia: Dando Printing and Publishing Co.
Richards, Theodore William. The Compressibilities of the Elements and their Periodic Relations.—Atomic Weights of Potassium, Silver, Chlorine, Bromine, Nitrogen and Sulphur. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Rostand, Edmond. Les Mots.
Sage, William. By the Right Divine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Eugene Allen. Underground Water Resources of Alabama. Montgomery, Ala.
Scratton, Howel. The Fortuna Filly. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.50.
Statesman's Year-Book, 1907. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Tenney, Edward Payson. Contrasts in Social Progress. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Trumbull, William. Evolution and Religion. Grafton Press. $1.25 net.
Tyler, John Mason. Growth and Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Wardle, Jane. The Artistic Temperament. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wealth, Debt and Taxation. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Wilson, Augusta Evans. Devota. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Young, Ruth. The Heart of the Wind. London: Elkin Mathews.

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